Bellefonte Republican.

Gen'l James A. Beaver

Established In 1869 | Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth.—A LINCOLN. | TERMS $1.50 Per Yr. If Paid in Advance

VOL. XXXIX | BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 18, 1907. | NO 16

NATIONAL GUARDS

Dates Fixed for the Annual Encampment

FROM JULY 20, TO 27.

General Headquarters will not go Under Canvas this year. Same as Obtained-ed two years ago.

THE MEN INSPECTED.

The dates for the annual encampment have been fixed The First and Third Brigades will encamp from July 7th to 13th and the Second Brigade will encamp from July 20th to 27th. The Third Brigade will camp at Mt. Gretna the Second Brigade near Tyrone, and the First Brigade probably at Perkasie. The site for the First has not been definitely decided upon.

General Headquarters will not go under canvas this year. The same arrangement as obtained two years ago will be had. The Governor, Adjutant General, Major General, the inspectors and the mustering officers will use a special train and go to Mt. Gretna on the First Brigade camp on a Sunday. The inspection of an entire Brigade will be put through in the one day, and the officials will leave in the evening for the other brigade and repeat the work. Ten days later the camp of the Second Brigade will be visited, and the inspections concluded there.

The "Hooziers" Challenge the World.

An aggregation of "Hooziers" have organized a base ball team in Bellefonte, and they want to send out a challenge to all the towns around Bellefonte such as Lock Haven, Tyrone, Philipsburg, Snow Shoe, Unionville, Milesburg, Howard, Centre Hall, Hecla Park, Coleville, and Gum Stump. They say they are not afraid to buck up against anything, and from the appearance of the fellows and the little bit of practice we have seen them performing, we feel sure they can put up a pretty stiff game.

The line up is as follows:

"Bo" Moerschbacher—Pitcher.
"Wallie" Keller—Catcher.
"Dutch" Taylor—Short stop.
"Robin" Hood—1st base.
"Sonny" Gengher—2nd base.
"Pike" Mills—3rd base.
"Zeke" Kirk—Left field.
"Samantha" Meese—Right field.
"Tabby" Kane—Center field.

The headquarters of this bunch of base ballist is at Coxy's pool room and all challenges should be sent there and the business promptly attended to.

A Great Pity and a Loss.

One of the best hard working citizens we have in the town is Cyrus Solt. He has always worked hard to earn an honest living. A few weeks ago he bought an excellent big horse at Jacob Shuey's sale paying $200 for the animal. By his honest dealings with our citizens Cyrus has picked up an excellent trade in the transfer line and was getting along splendidly. On Monday when on his way from the freight depot the horse which was a young beast, only 6 years old frightened at the shifting engine that was passing along at the time. The horse either wrenched or kicked his leg at any rate it was broken near the second joint. The poor animal was led a little ways off and was shot by Harry Schreffler. It was a pity the thing had to be shot, and it is certainly a great loss to Mr. Solt as he is by no means a rich man. Mr. Lincoln Musser very kindly told him he could use one of his horses until he was able to purchase another.

Prize Trout Caught First Day.

Harry Winton of Bellefonte, conductor on the Central railroad, reports that he went out early Monday before leaving with his train and caught a California trout in Spring Creek which measured 19½ inches and weighed four pounds. Can any other Bellefonte anglers beat that.

—William Walker caught 22 on Monday that weighed 7½ lbs, one was 18 inches long and an other 15.

Edward Woods the mail carrier came home with 11.

Charley Heisler landed 27.

AT THE BANQUET OF THE BOYS.

Carpenters, Painters and Paper Hangers have a Royal Good Time.

Perhaps one of the jolliest and most social gatherings ever held in the town was on Thursday evening when the Carpenters, Painters and Paper Hangers held their banquet at the Haag hotel on Bishop street. Sixty men gathered around the festive board and our good host J. M. Cunningham seemed to have almost stuffed the boys to death by the many good things he gave them to eat. At any rate the boys had a royal time, and after they had finished satisfying the inner man, the Prince of Toast-Masters a second Chauncy M. Depew, the Hon. John McSuley arose and in a most brilliant address to his fellowmen of the Unions, he described their object in this gathering. In a few words he told them that it was not only for a social time and for the banquet but to talk over the work of their Union. To bring every member into a firmer and more substantial touch with the workings of their organization he made an earnest appeal to the men to stick to their Unions and uphold them no matter whatever happens. Mr. McSuly is noted for his after dinner speeches and this one on this occasion was not an exception to the others he has already delivered. He called on a number other members of the different Unions for addresses who responded in neat speeches befitting the occasion. During the evening Christy Smith's famous orchestra furnished the music which was without parallel the best ever rendered by this organization.

The Carpenters, Painters and Paper Hangers Unions certainly deserve credit for their efforts to uphold their organizations in Bellefonte.

They have had a whole lot of up-hill work and opposition, but through it all they have come out more than conquerors. We believe in the Union and hope the boys will have the stick-to-it system and hold out against all odds. We wish we had a Printers Union in Bellefonte and that every typesetter and job worker was a Union person.

This evenings happy gathering was one of the best meetings these Unions have held for years. The committee in charge wish to extend publicly their thanks to J Mitchell Cunningham the proprietor of the Haag House for the manner in which he served the banquet. The menu served was as follows.

Oysters Stewed
Chow Chow Celery Olives
Roast Chicken, stuffed
Spring Lettuce, with Cream Dressing
Creamed Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoe
Sweet Corn June Peas
Claret
Lady Fingers, Macaroons
White Mountain Cake
Vanilla Ice Cream
Fruits Nuts Raisins
Coffee
Cigars
White Tokay

They Say They Caught this Many.

We tried to get a list of the fishermen Monday and what luck they had in landing the pretty trout, but as the forepart of the day was cold a great many followers of Isaac Walton got wet feet and a hungry stomach and went home, and then a great many drove away up the streams and will fish home and by tomororw we will be able to tell some wonderful fish stories. What we found to be a fact was the following.

Clayton Brown	16
James Furst	28
Charles Anderson	15
Thomas Wagner	16
William Walker	13
William Dukeman	8
Harry Diem	10
William Garman	21
Harvey Gengher	0

Same Whiskered Old Man.

Friday of last week, the same old man, the be-whiskered old man and his mate with a heavy, reddish mustache, who were thought to have a hand in the Centre Hall robbery, boarded the train at that station. The two held a continuous and animated coversation while aboard the train, and on alighting at Lewisburg, they entered the railroad station and re-arranged their bundles of umbrella handles, etc.

These menders of umbrellas are the two spoken of in last week's issue of the Reporter as having passed up through the Seven Mountains, via Pat Garrity's and headed for Mifflin county on reaching the pike. They eluded the Mifflin county sheriff, who was telephoned a description of the men, and returned to Penns Valley. These two men undoubtedly are crooks, and should be run down.

WEDDING BELLS RING OUT

Miss Showers and Miss Rosenhoover became Brides

ONE A CHURCH WEDDING

Miss Showers and Mr. Woomer are Married in Altoona while Miss Rosenhoover and Mr. Raymond Unite in the Catholic Church.

WE WISH THEM JOY.

One of the happiest secret marriages that has occurred among our younger set for a long time was that of Miss Minnie Showers and Mr. Frank Woomer which happy event occurred Thursday afternoon in Altoona.

Miss Showers and Mr. Woomer left on the afternoon train for the Railroad City and immediately upon their arrival there they proceeded to the Lutheran Mance where Rev. McCauley, pastor of the 12th Ave. Lutheran church said the words that made them man and wife.

Miss Showers was attired in a beautiful silver gray taffeta silk. The only witnesses and friends at the marriage were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yearick of Altoona. After the ceremony an excellent wedding dinner was served at the Yearick home. Mr. and Mrs. Woomer left on an evening train for Pittsburg and other western cities. After an extended wedding tour they will return to Bellefonte and go to house-keeping.

Miss Showers is a most accomplished young lady, and has hosts of friends in Bellefonte. For a good many years she has been the organist at the Lutheran church, which position she filled in a faithful manner. She was the efficient clerk in Mr. Edwin T. Garmans store for a number of years and while in that position she made many friends by her pleasant, cheerful manner to her customers This position she filled in a very commendable manner.

Mr Woomer is one of the boys of the town who has many friends, he is a very industrious young man and holds the position of assistant manager at the Bellefonte Steam Laundry. He will make a splendid husband and she will be a good, true wife. We wish them unbounded happiness and joy through life.

Miss Rosenhoover and Mr. Raymond United in Marriage.

Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock Miss Kathryne Rosenhoover of Roopeburg and Mr. Leonard Raymond of Drifting, Clearfield Co. were united in holy bonds of wedlock.

The happy event took place in the St. John's Catholic church, Father McArdle using the Nuptual Mass in the ceremony. The bride and groom were attended by Miss Margaret Rosenhoover a sister of the bride, and Mr. Wilbur Raymond a brother of the groom. In the Catholic ceremony no wedding march is used but the services throughout are very impressive. The bridal party looked very pretty as they knelt at the sacred altar and received the Holy Communion and the Blessing from the Priest and then the words said that bound them as man and wife forever.

The little altar boys in their white and crimson gowns, the Priest in his beautiful robes, the magnificent altar of white marble, the candles burning brightly and the bride and groom kneeling in prayer certainly did present a beautiful sight from the rear of the church.

Fully two hundred friends were present and when the party came from the church they were showered with rice and old shoes, and a number of odd looking articles were fastened to the cab. They were driven to the Rosenhoover home where an excellent wedding breakfast was served. The bride was dressed in a coat suit of gray Panama cloth with hat to match. The groom was attired in the conventional black.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond left on the afternoon train for a short wedding tour after which they will make their home at Drifting, where the young man has a fine farm. The bride is well and favorable known in Bellefonte and her many friends join in with this paper in wishing them joy and peace through life.

PASSED TO HER REST.

Sad Death of Mrs. Arthur Kimport on Friday Evening

Death has entered into our midst again and called away the life of Mrs Arthur Kimport which sad event occurred on Thursday evening at 5:30.

Mrs. Kimport was a most estimable young woman. She was endowed with a pleasing personalty and gentle disposition and her gracious kindly nature spread an atmosphere, of pure womanhood throughout her home. This exemplary young woman's death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Kimport was a faithful and consistant member of the St. John's Lutheran church of Bellefonte and when in health she was always seen at this place of worship.

Mrs. Kimport has left five pretty little children who really do not realize that their mother has been taken away from them and that she has gone to that home above where their is peace, rest and happiness.

This young woman has only been ill about three weeks and was getting along splendidly when she had a relapse a few days ago and from that time on she grew gradually weaker until she passed away last evening.

The home has been left sad and lonely for the mother and wife, the person loved above all others on earth, has been taken.

Mrs. Lucy Belle Kimport was a daughter of Adam and Lucy Felty. She was born near Lemont, and was 39 years old the 2nd of last November. Adam Felty her father lived at the old homestead until this spring when he moved to Boalsburg. The deceased mother died some years ago and the passing of this young lady is only the reunion of mother and daughter in that other world.

She leaves to mourn her death, her husband Arthur B. Kimport, present Prothonotary of Centre County and the following children:

Ellen S., Teresine C, Adam F., Mary M., and Nellie E, and Adam Felty the father of Boalsburg, and the following brothers and sisters, Jacob B., of Altoona; and John A. of New Castle; Mary B. of Boalsburg; Mrs. E. W. Hess of Shingletown; Mrs. Henrietta Shugerts, of Pine Grove Mills; and three half sisters, Mrs. T. C. Houtz, wife of Rev. Houtz of Selinsgrove; Mrs. Geo. Keller, of Houserville; and Mrs Lizzie Passmore, of Harrisburg.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock services were conducted at the home of Mr. Arthur Kimport over the remains of his wife whose sad death occurred on Friday evening. Throughout the services were most impressive and were conducted by Rev. Rearick of Mifflinburg and Rev. Barry of Selinsgrove. The flowers sent by loving friends were beautiful and showed esteem and respect in which the deceased was held. The interment was made at Boalsburg. The casket bearers were the following gentlemen: Messrs Henry Kline, James Corl, John C. Rowe, Earle C. Tuten, N. B. Spangler and William B. Runkle.

Some one is Going to Get Hurt.

We have twenty some automobiles in the town. Some magnificent cars, as pretty and as good as you see anywhere. It is certainly a grand thing to be the owner of any of them. It shows that Bellefonte is up to date and that our citizens are keeping pace with the outside world. But on the side, just a word to the fellows that go at a break neck speed around over the streets. Some one is going to get hurt, no sense in running these large machines as fast as some do. The other day one of them was coming down High street at an unmercyful rate and in making the corner at the other side of the bridge the large machine slid about two feet, and if a rig had been coming along that end of Water street, they would have met as sure as anything. It is not safe for children to be out alone on the streets for fear of being injured. The other day a couple of fellows came down High street so fast that every time they went over a crossing the machine bounced a foot in the air. This is just a word of warning for if any one get hurt the owner of the machine will have to pay well for it.

It's a Boy.

Wednesday morning that bird the stork was flying up Bishop street and after John Anderson had started down town, His Stork Satisfaction returned and left a bouncing boy at his home. John is half tickled to death and says some day this young man will be Governor of Pennsylvania. Both Mrs. Anderson and the young man are getting along splendidly. We extend our congratulations John.

WAS HARD TO KILL

Electrocution of a Murderer at Auburn

EDWARD HOWE SEXTON

State Electrician Davis said the man Resisted with more Vigor than any man Handled.

TOOK FIVE CONTRACTS

Auburn, April 16th.—Edward Sexton, who was convicted at Canandaigua on Friday, April 29th. 1904, for murder, first degree, for killing Thomas Mahaney, was electrocuted at Auburn Prison this morning at 6:14.

Sexton was small of stature and sligh, but it required five contacts before he was declared dead. The contacts ranged from 1,540 volts at three amperes to 1,740 volts at eight amperes.

State Electrician Davis who officiated said that Sexton was one of the hardest subjects that had been in the chair for ten years.

Sexton went to the chair composedly. He was accompanied by the Rev. J. J. Hickey, a Roman Catholic priest.

Five other men in the condemned row bade goodby to Sexton last night. Included in the number were Chester Gillette, the murderer of Grace Brown, and Carl Ciardi, of Ithaca who is to die in the chair during the week of May 20.

Winning His Way.

Samuel Gray Hartsock of Altoona was a pleasant visitor in Bellefonte Monday. Gray had been home to Waddle over Sunday to see what good things his mother had baked as he left them know ahead he was coming. And he says he wasn't disappointed in the least as she had everything that he liked. Gray left the farm a few months ago and struck for himself. He went to Altoona and received a clerkship in the Cashier department at the P. R. R. freight depot. They found him a good, steady, industrious fellow, and inside of a month increased his salary. He says some of the sports in the office call him the "hoozier" from Centre Co., but he says he is proud of that destination and that he has been advanced while these same ducks are in their same old positions. Be honest and truthful old fellow and you cannot help succeed no matter if you do come from the farm.

Jacob From See's his Wife.

Through the kindness of Sheriff Kline and Deputy Sheriff Reese, Jacob From the accused murderer of Josiah Dale was taken to his little home at the foot of the Nittany Mountains to see his dying wife on Tuesday afternoon.

For months he has been confined in the county prison and his wife has been gradually growing weaker since the day he was arrested, at last it was thought best to take him to see her for it is said she cannot last many more days. The scene at the home was certainly heart rendering. Imagine for your-self a husband being taken for a short time to the bedside of his wife who will soon pass into the next world and then to bid her goodbye perhaps for the last time, and then brought back to the prison cells to await a trial for murder.

After Jacob had talked to his wife for fully an hour he finally bid her goodbye and broke down and cried like a child, We pity the man and we pity the wife and we hope that she may live, and if Jake is inocent she will be there to welcome him back home again.

Dr. Platts to Preach Memorial Sermon.

On Sunday May 26th Dr. J. Allison Platts will preach the annual Memorial Sermon to the Old Soldiers. At a meeting of the Post on Saturday evening the Presbyterian church was unanimously chosen for this sacred meeting. This is the first time in years that this Memorial meeting has been held in this church and we expect this house of God will be crowded to the doors. Not quite so many this year to attend, they are getting fewer every year, after while they will have all passed beyond and their lives to us will be a sacred memory.

SCHWAB—BARRY.

Father Benner Armour Formerly of Bellefonte Master of Ceremony.

In the presence of only the immediate members of the two families, with a ceremony impressive on account of its simplicity, Miss Gertrude DeSales Schwab, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Schwab, of this place, and David Barry, of Johnstown, were united in marriage.

The ceremony was performed in St. Michael's Catholic church at 9 o'clock. The nuptial high mass was sung by the Rev. John B. Barry of Pittsburg, a brother of the groom, with the Rev. Father Martin Ryan, of Pittsburg, as deacon; the Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, pastor of St. Michael's, as subdeacon, and the Rev. Father Armour, of St. Francis college, as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride and later in the day the dewly wedded pair went to Cresson, where at 2:37 they departed for a honeymoon trip to New York and the east in the private car of Charles M. Schwab, which had been placed at their disposal by the bride's brother.

The maid of honor was Miss Edith McGorrity, of Cleveland the fiancee of Edward Schwab, one of the bride's brothers. The best man was Dr. P. A McAneny, of Johnstown. The bride was gowned in a princess creation of white marchioness veiling over white taffeta ruffed with chiffon and net. She wore a long white veil, with an aigrette in her hair, and carried a bouquet of lillies of the valley and ferns. The maid of honor was dressed in pink mull over pink silk, and wore a large picture hat of the same tint.

Council Meeting.

The regular semi-monthly session of the borough council was held on Monday evening with the following members present, President Keller, Kirk, Shuey, Wagner, Beezer, Brown, Judge, Hamilton and Derstine.

Chairman Derstine handed in a report showing the different side walks in various parts of the town that need repairs. There are a large number of board walks in town that need repairs. The clerk was authorized to notify all property owners to repair or relay their walks within ten days.

Chairman Hamilton of the Water committee reported putting in a new catch basin for the Howard street sewer.

The committee appointed to draw up a curfew ordinance reported an ordinance and recommended its adoption. From the 1st of April to the 1st of October children under 16 years must be off the streets at 9 p. m. From the 1st of October to the 1st of April they must be off the streets at 8 o'clock. The electric light whistle will blow one short blast at the appointed hour each night. It was adopted all voting in its favor.

The following bills were proved:

Street Pay Roll	$41 99
T. H. Harter	5 09
J. H. Lingle	21 40
A. C. Minge	3 50
Police Pay Roll	50 00
J. H. Wetzel	9 00
C. Beezer	2 50
Water Works Pay Roll	6 400
A. E. Schadd	1 90
J. H. Lingle	1 65
Fabric Hose Co.	7 20
Clinton Democrat Co.	4 75

Sarah M. Estright.

On Tuesday evening April the 9th, Mrs. Sarah M. Estright died at the home of her son Samuel at Milesburg. She had passed the 77th milepost in this life and was a member of the Evangelical church, a devoted wife and a kink and loving mother.

The funeral services were held from her late home Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Interment at Advent cemetery.

A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is still;
A place is vacant in our home
That never can be filled.
We cannot tell who next may fall,
Beneath thy chastening rod
One must be first but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

Hurt at the Quarries

Mike Morento is now in the hospital seriously injured from a fall of rock and dirt at the quarries. On Saturday afternoon during that little skiff of snow, he took refuge from the storm behind some dirt and when standing there the ground gave way and fell on the fellow. The back of his head, neck and arms are badly cut and he seemed to be suffering greatly from the injuries. He was taken to the hospital where he was made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

AUNT MAHALA AYERS 107

Years Old--The Oldest Colored Woman in the World.

LARGE CAKE MADE

There are Going to be 107 Red Edges of this Big Cake Made of Plenty of Egg and Flour.

OLD DICK SCOTT THE HOME BAKER.

The Philadelphia Press, on Thursday said: "Aunt Mahala Ayers cannot have very many more birthdays, for she's almost 107 years old now the oldest inmate of the Home for aged and infirm Colored People, at Belmont and Girard avenues—the oldest woman in the city, and perhaps the oldest in the county. So out at the home today they're giving her a party for her 107th anniversary, and then cut the biggest cake that West Philadelphia ever saw.

There are going to be 107 red, edges of this big cake. It's to be so large that a special pan had to be made to bake it in. The ingredients are: Forty-eight eggs, 20 pounds of flour, 7 pounds of sugar, 4 pounds of butter and 36 spoonsful of baking powder. Old Dick Scott, the home baker, will have charge of the job of bringing it to the condition of the table delicacy.

All the old folks in the home will be at "Aunt Mahala's" party.

"I want you children all aroun' me," she said yesterday, to half a dozen whose average age was eighty-five. There will be a concert by the choir of the Bethel Methodist Episcopal church, music and singing and then the guest of honor will cut the first slice of cake.

Aunt Mahala is still fairly active and can sew without glasses. Born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, a slave in the family of John Fassett she says she has never been unhappy in her life. Her work every day is to clean the table ware used by the 105 old folks in the home.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Man and the Sheep.

The little son of Rev. and Mrs. Ambrose Schmidt wrote a little story from a picture that hung on the wall at their home. The writing and composition of the story is certainly commendable for one so small as he. The story is as follows:

One clear cold day there lived an old man who had a flock of sheep. They were in a meadow and at the end of the day the master came for them, when they saw him they ran to him and jumped bout him for joy.

When he took them home he saw a rattlesnake and he tried to kill it but it ran away and he saw it no more. He went on taking his sheep home, and when he went into the house he told his wife about it.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable.

A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed *free* on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Clever With the Cards.

Some years ago a certain county jail was undergoing extensive alterations, during which time a gang of pickpockets, four in number, were arrested one market day. Owing to the alterations the lot were confined for a time in one cell, but were placed under strict surveillance, the care of them being specially intrusted to the sergeant. The day after during his rounds he spied them playing cards, when he promptly opened the door and summoned a fellow constable, on whose arrival the cell and the prisoners were most carefully searched, but no cards were found. However, the card playing still continued until the day on which the pickpockets were to be sent to the assizes for trial. Then the superintendent, a very kind man and a great favorite with every one, asked them as a favor to tell him where they had hidden the cards. They told him that as soon as the sergeant and his comrade entered their cell they stuck the pack in his pocket and picked it again before he left, as a proof of which they presented him with the much used pack.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Bride's Dilemma.

A humorous romance is reported from Natal, where a youthful Hindoo bride was recently called upon to choose between her husband and her jewels. The case came before the Durban police court in the first instance, where the bride's parents, says the Natal Mercury, accused her husband of abducting her while under thirteen years of age. The bride, however, claimed to be eighteen, and the magistrate dismissed the case. Outside the court a tug of war took place between the two parties for the possession of the bride, in the course of which it appeared that what her parents particularly desired was not herself, but her jewelry. A sergeant of police then sat in judgment and decided that the jewelry belonged to the parents, and the girl must choose between her husband and her bracelets. After some cogitation she chose the husband, who promptly unfastened the bangles from her arms and handed them to her parents.

Atmospheric Weight.

At the sea level, with the barometer marking 30 inches and the thermometer 32 degrees F., a cubic foot of pure dry air weighs about 565 grains troy. The weight of a cubic foot of water vapor under the same conditions is only 352 grains. When vapor is mixed with dry air, therefore, the resulting compound is lighter—that is to say, damp air is lighter than dry air. In stormy weather the air is lighter than it is in fair weather and not heavier, as many persons suppose. When smoke hangs about the surface of the earth, it shows that the air is lighter than the smoke. When the air is dry, it is heavier than the smoke, and the latter therefore ascends. The weight of the earth's atmosphere, or, in other words, the pressure exerted upon the earth by the atmosphere, is about the same as would be exerted by a flood of water thirty-three feet in height over the globe. At the sea level the pressure of the atmosphere is about fifteen pounds to the square inch. A man of ordinary size thus bears all the time a pressure of about 30,000 pounds, but he does not feel it, because the pressure is exerted in every direction—above, below and around him—and because his body is filled with air and other fluids that press outward, thus maintaining a state of equilibrium.

England and France.

It has been playfully observed that the mutual antipathies and attractions of England and France resemble to a curious degree those of man and woman, perhaps one might say of man and woman attached to each other by a mariage de convenance-geographique. "We do all naturally hate the French," Mr. Pepys observed long ago. (Does any nation, by the way, love its neighbor?) France has never ceased to interest us or indeed to inspire part of our ideas and conduct.

Rightly do her historians descant of the glorious role she has played in the general work of civilization, of the "sympathetic genius which has seized and translated for Europe the ideas of reason, justice and all the theory of life, private and public," which has "preserved even in the useful and frivolous the tradition of art," of the idealist perseverance, whose experiments have saved the world so much suffering and "made of her follies the wisdom of other nations."—George H. Powell in Fortnightly Review.

Lamb's Unkind Thrust.

Charles Lamb, than whom no gentler or kinder hearted wit ever breathed, at times found it impossible to restrain himself from the personal, as for instance, when he covered a friend with shame at a whist party by blurting out:

"Gad, James, if—if dirt were t-t-trumps, what a hand you would have!"

The Truth About Gossip.

"Br'er Jenkins, he say dat we ought not to gossip an' dat we ought not to remark on each odder's frailties; but, my lan', dat's whut keeps de world straight. Hit's de fear of our neighbors' tongue dat keeps most of us in de stockade. Hit's gossip dat's de real perlice of de world."—Dorothy Dix in New York American.

What We Really Need.

Each of us in our own small organism possesses a germ or whatever you like to call it which, properly developed, should eventually lead us to the realization of all our ambitions. All that is wanted is energy and concentration.—London Ladies' Field.

A Literary Curiosity.

Some years ago a Paris newspaper ordered a story of adventure from a well known novelist. The price agreed upon was 1 franc a line. The novelist straightway hunted up an old man of letters—the unknown collaborator of many more famous authors—who agreed to write the story for 25 centimes a line. When the work had reached its second part in the course of publication the novelist learned that his old client was seriously ill. Hastening to his bedside, he found him dying. In agony for the fate of his story, the novelist rushed to the office of the newspaper, got hold of some back numbers in order to pick up the threads of the romance and brought it to a speedy end in a few brief chapters. Then he went to the office with the manuscript.

"What's that?" asked the editor.

"Why, the continuation and end of my story."

"Oh, then, you want to change it, I suppose, because, you know, you sent in the last chapters three days ago."

Admirable self possession on the part of the novelist prevented disaster, and he finally found this explanation: The old man, whose price was 25 centimes a line, had himself sublet his task to a third writer at 10 centimes, and thus the work had been finished in safety.

A Quaint Scotch Wedding Custom.

A quaint wedding custom still prevails in many of the little country towns and mining villages in Scotland. When a wedding is held the contracting parties make their guests pay in full for the eating, drinking and dancing facilities which are usually provided on such occasions. The practice still seems to survive even in Glasgow. A correspondent observed a notice posted up in the Cowcaddens, a low class Glasgow thoroughfare, informing the public that a soldier would shortly enter into the bonds of wedlock and that twopence would be charged for admission to the ceremony and an additional sixpence imposed for attendance at the wedding feast. The practice seems to be peculiarly Scotch, but sixpence certainly seems moderate enough for a marriage supper.—Westminster Gazette.

The Reader Who Skips.

A good work of fiction, whether in prose or in verse—we are here speaking only of good works—is a work of art and can be rightly enjoyed only by entering into sympathy with the artist's mind and accepting his work according to his intention. In a perfect poem the place of every word, in a perfect novel the place, if not of every word, of every episode and of every paragraph, is important, and the reader who skips throws away the pleasure he has meant to derive from the harmony of composition, in which very possibly the beauty of the whole may chiefly consist, and despises the best part of the artist's labor. He might as well go to see a good play and then willfully miss every alternate scene.—Exchange.

Atmospheric Temperature.

The temperature of the atmosphere cools on an average about 1 degree for every 300 feet that we ascend or warms at the same rate as we descend. The mean temperature at the north pole is 0 and at the equator between 80 and 90 degrees. We can, therefore, get into a temperature 1 degree colder for every seventy or eighty miles that we travel north and in a temperature 1 degree warmer for every seventy or eighty miles that we travel south.

Women as Walkers.

Even the athletic girls and women of today can hardly make any advance upon the record of Mary Lamb, who wrote to Miss Wordsworth (both women being between fifty and sixty years old): "You say you can walk fifteen miles with ease. That is exactly my stint." She then speaks pityingly of a delicate woman who could accomplish "only four or five miles every third or fourth day, keeping very quiet between."

Manhattan Island.

Indians who accepted $24 from Governor Peter Minuit for Manhattan Island in 1626 did not make such a bad bargain, for if they had invested that sum of money at compound interest at the prevailing rates since then their heirs would now have $12,000,000,000.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily) — Bring me some lunch. Restaurant Waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir! Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.

If Women Couldn't Read.

"Then you don't believe in higher education for women?"

"Certainly not. I think it's a shame to even teach 'em how to read. If a woman couldn't read the bargain advertisements, she wouldn't be so unhappy over the lots of things she can't afford to buy."

Her Advantage.

"Your daughter has an angelic disposition."

"Yes; we always let her have her own way about everything."

Nipped In the Bud.

Mudge—Which is proper to say, "Lend me $10," or "Loan me $10?" Wickwire—It won't do you any good to say either.

Springy.

"That's a fancy suit you have on," remarked the visitor in the dressing tent of the big circus.

"Yes," laughed the acrobat who jumps over the elephants every performance; "I call that my spring suit."—Chicago News.

Why a Swelling Follows a Blow.

The swelling which follows from a blow is nature's effort to protect the part from further injury and to keep it at rest while repair is going on. What actually takes place at the seat of injury is not even now quite understood. The injury to the smaller blood vessels interferes with the flow of blood through them, and the white corpuscles, with part of the serum, the watering part of the blood, escape into the surrounding tissues. At the same time the blood vessels in the neighborhood dilate, and the increased flow of blood with the thoroughfare obstructed increases the swelling. It is probable that the white corpuscles of the blood pass into the tissues to assist in the repair, as bees or ants assemble at an injury to their storehouse, but with this difference—that the substance of the corpuscles is probably converted into the tissue of repair. From one point of view the human body is only one gigantic colony of individuals and the swelling that follows injury but the rush of these to repair the breach.

Sunflower Most Deceitful of Plants.

"The sunflower," said a naturalist, "is the most deceitful of all plants, for it has fooled six nations. Six nations believe that the sunflower turns toward the sun, and so thoroughly are they deluded that they call it by a name which bears witness to their error. Thus, the French call the sunflower tournesol; the Spanish call it girasol; the Italians call it girasole; the Hungarians call it naptaforgo. Each of these words means 'turn to the sun.' The English and Americans don't go quite that far in admitting themselves to be the plant's dupes. They only call it sunflower. They mean by that name, though, quite as much as the other names imply. The belief is general among six nations that the sunflower turns with the sun and always faces the luminary. As a matter of fact, there is only one flower that turns or keeps with the sun—namely, the sun spurge."

Holes In the Legs.

A scientist says that hogs' legs perform a function not known to any other animal, and that is an escape pipe or pipes for the discharge of waste water or sweat not used in the economy of the body. These escape pipes are situated upon the inside of the legs, above and below the knee in the fore legs and above the gambrel joints in the hind legs, but in the latter they are very small and functions light. Upon the inside of the fore leg they are in the healthy hog always active, so that moisture is always there from about or below these orifices or ducts in the healthy hog. The holes in the leg and breathing in the hog are his principal and only means of ejecting an excess of heat above the normal, and when very warm the hog will open the mouth and breathe through that channel as well as the nostrils.

An Extraordinary Biography.

The most extraordinary biography in existence is neither written nor printed. It is painted. It contains the life and adventures of Charles Magnes, a noble Venetian. Having been calumniated, he determined to set himself right in the eyes of his contemporaries and employed Paul Veronese to paint his biography. The volume has eighteen pages of vellum. Each has a large central picture, surrounded by ten smaller, each having its appropriate inscription, the whole recounting the most notable scenes in his life.

The Way to Keep Posted.

"You must read a great many books to keep so well acquainted with current publications?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't take time to read books. It would interfere with the constant study of the advertisements that is necessary to keep really informed."—Washington Star.

His Definitions.

"Faith," said Brother Williams, "is de faculty what kin turn de song er a sawmill into de hallaluia er de angels."

"An' what is hope?"

"Hope is de faculty what keeps you lookin' for somethin' you never gits."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Man Worth Knowing.

"There's a man who could be one of the country's greatest poets if he wished."

"And he isn't?"

"No."

"Introduce me."—Cleveland Press.

Walking.

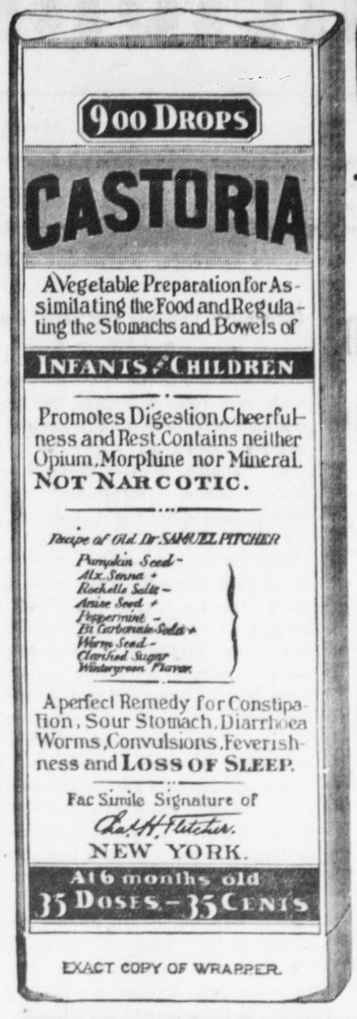
Men occasionally walk well, but all ought to walk better. Women are a despair. They shuffle, stride, waddle, prance, scurry and think it no disgrace to walk like a mechanical toy.—London Lady.

Happily Answered.

One of the hardest things for a player to bear is when an audience laughs during a serious scene. Many a performer by his wit has been able to save a scene. An incident of this kind was experienced by the late Thomas Keene while playing Richard III. He had just finished exclaiming "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" when a young man in the audience called out, "Won't a donkey do?" and Mr. Keene quietly responded, "Yes; come up."

Cash or Credit.

Women should not get credit. Neither should men. Cash is the cure. Tradesmen maybe would have a bad time for six or twelve months, and many a lady would have to "lie low," but in the end we would get both our trade and our money, and she would get her dress and at far less cost.—London Opinion.


900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DOSES - 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

One's Point of View.

"I liked that play we saw last night because it has a happy ending."

"Why, man, the husband in it terrorizes his wife into trembling and silent submission and ends by killing his mother-in-law!"

"I said it had a happy ending."—Baltimore American.

Extenuating.

A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said, "Nothing, excepting I lived with her twenty-one years and I never did it before."

Johnny's Plot Foiled.

Johnny Jones—My sister has been took with the measles, teacher. Teacher—Then you'd better go home at once, Johnny, and stay there till she gets well. Freddy Brown—Please, teacher, Johnny's sister is stopping with his aunt in Chicago.—Boston Transcript.

Risky.

"Doctor, my wife says she is getting deaf."

"Tell her it's because she is getting old."

"Do you believe she is deaf enough for that to be safe?"—Houston Post.

Spare the Base Ball Grounds.

The Bellefonte Academy authorities have secured the privilege of the glass works meadow as their athletic field for the coming summer. They have already laid out, graded and rolled a base ball field and on Tuesday, while the ground was wet, some person drove right across the diamond, cutting two big ruts in the freshly rolled ground.

It is very likely that the person who committed the act did so thoughtlessly, as no one would want to deliberately despoil work that it had taken days to do, and for this reason the Academy authorities wish to caution all persons to spare the base ball field, no matter what else they do. If you must drive across the grounds, drive around the diamond.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

WHY WE LAUGH.

"A Little Nonsense Now and Then, Is Relished by the Wisest Men."

Judge's Quarterly, $1.00 a year
Judge's Library, $1.00 " "
Sis Hopkins' Mon., $1.00 " "

On receipt of **Twenty Cents**, we will entre your name for a thee months' trial subscription for either of these bright, witty, and humorous journals, or for **One Dollar** will add **Leslie's Weekly** or **Judge** for the same period of time. Address

Judge Company
225 Fourth Avenue New York.

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly *Scott's Emulsion* enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

Drifting Into Matrimony.

By Elizabeth Taggart.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

"We'll soon have mutiny fore and aft," declared Donald Frazer as he glanced down from the bridge. "Half of them are not speaking now, and I'm pretty certain that Betty has broken her engagement to Halgren."

"I could stand everything except the ice," said Dicky Rich plaintively. "I haven't had a highball in four days. Can't they fix the shaft?"

"MacPherson is working on it, but there's small chance," said Frazer. "I guess we'll just have to drift until a breeze or a steamer comes."

"It's too bad," said Rich sympathetically. "This trip was to mean so much to you."

Rich slipped down the ladder, and Frazer moved over toward the man at the wheel.

Rich was right. The trip had meant much to him. He had planned the cruise to bring his niece, Betty Holcombe, and Ralph Halgren together. Betty was his sister's child and ever

"HERE, SHIP!" SHE CALLED. "COME, SHIP! NICE SHIP!"

since her mother's death had been his pet. Brilliant Geraldine Frazer would have nothing to do with his match-making. It had been all he could accomplish to induce her to embark on the yacht while the season was on.

Betty had announced her engagement to Ralph and things were as merry as a marriage bell when the shaft of the Ventura had cracked. Sails had been resorted to, but had been blown away in the mild hurricane that had followed the accident, and now the yacht was drifting far out of the track of the coastwise and West Indian steamers.

There were provisions and water to last three months, but the party was badly planned, and already they were heartily sick of each other. Even the newly engaged couple had found the monotony irksome, and the girl in a flash of bad humor had handed back her ring and was too proud to ask for it again.

Frazer left the bridge and descended to his wife's cabin. Mrs. Frazer had taken to her berth at the first sign of trouble and was comfortably enjoying a novel and a fit of the nerves while her husband wrestled with the task of entertaining a dozen utterly uncongenial persons on board a crippled yacht with no immediate hope of rescue.

Mrs. Frazer looked up languidly from her book as Frazer entered. She received his inquiries as to her health with doleful air, and then Frazer sat down on the edge of the berth.

"Look here, Gerry," he said despondently. "Can't you get out of this and help me? The men are growing to hate each other, and I look to see the women pulling each other's hair any moment."

"Horrors, no!" gasped Mrs. Frazer. "My nerves are bad enough as they are."

Frazer rose to his feet. From long experience he knew the hopelessness or argument. He was just leaving the room when she called him back.

"Perhaps Miss Brockway can help you," she suggested. "She's a rather capable girl."

She resumed her book, and Frazer went in search of Clara Brockway. He wondered that he had not thought of her before. She was a sort of social secretary to his wife, and that she was tactful was evinced by the fact that she had been serving in that capacity for two years. He found her sitting well up forward, for it was not Mrs. Frazer's way to make an employee an equal.

Briefly Frazer sketched his troubles.

"The cruise will end up in a free fight," he said humorously, "unless you will serve as a peace commission."

"Let's have a minstrel show this evening," she suggested. "Don't let the women know and surprise them after dinner."

"Just the thing," cried Frazer as, with beaming face, he hurried off to round up the men. It was not a difficult matter, for they were all sitting gloomily apart, and presently they were gathered in the chart room and Clara was outlining her plans.

They worked so hard all the afternoon that they were positively cheerful when they went off to dress for dinner.

Frazer glanced about the table, and the contrast between the men and the women, the latter with their airs of ennui, cheered him. Miss Brockway had worked half the cure. The rest would come after supper.

The minstrel show, held on the after deck, was a huge success, and the roars of laughter even brought Mrs. Frazer on deck. That was but the first of a series of entertainments that kept the passengers and crew alike busy. Clara was director of amusements, and sometimes it taxed her brain to develop new ideas, but something always turned up. A ghost party was one of her last resorts, and in the bright moonlight the white draped figures had a most spectral effect.

Long since she had been recognized as one of the party, and she looked particularly effective in her white wrappings. Dicky Rich was leaning beside her at the rail.

"I think you are more witch than ghost," he laughed. "You have certainly bewitched us. The day of the minstrel show I was carefully planning a murder just to offset the deadly dullness of the cruise."

"Minstrel shows are a more refined form of torture," she smiled. "Wish I were a witch. I might conjure us a ship."

"Try it," he urged. "Let's see if you are able to make a go of it."

She pointed a slender white arm over the water. "Here, ship!" she called. "Come, ship! Nice ship!"

In a steamer chair near by some one had left a pair of glasses. Dicky caught them up and looked out over the water. Then he made for the bridge, where the sailing master paced impatiently.

Clara, watching his strange movements wonderingly, started as a trail of light shot from the Ventura, and Dicky came dashing back.

"You did it!" he shouted. "You conjured it up! Look! There comes the answer."

A faint streak of fire marked the horizon, and the whole party crowded to the rail to watch, though they knew that it would be hours before the steamer could come up.

She was a Brazilian freighter and with a view of the salvage gladly undertook to leave her course and tow the Nassau. They came up to the harbor at night and lay till morning off the bar.

Dicky and Clara stood together watching the lights of the town and the brilliant illumination of the hotel.

"It has turned out a pleasant cruise, after all," he said. "I'm just a little bit sorry that you found the ship."

"So am I," she admitted. "It has been a sort of Cinderella time for me. Now I must get back to my duties as secretary and forget this pleasant time."

"I don't think any of us will forget it," he smiled. "I know Halgren is devoutly thankful to you. He and Miss Holcombe adjusted their dispute, you know. Then Frazer was lifted from the depths of despair, and all of us will have some cause to remember your mirthful rule."

"It will be pleasant," she said, "to remember that I was of real service."

"I think you did me the greatest service," he said softly. "You showed me that even a confirmed bachelor can fall in love."

"Are congratulations in order?" she asked, smiling through the tears that glistened in the moonlight.

"That depends upon yourself," he answered, "for you are the woman I have learned to love."

"Don't you think you had better wait?" she urged. "It may be that it is merely owing to the way we have been thrown together on this cruise. Wait until you mingle with your own set again. They say that the hotel is still crowded."

"Wait!" he laughed. "It has been all I could do to wait this long. Is it yes, dear?"

She looked into his honest eyes, and what she saw there satisfied her. Her hand slipped within his.

"I think it is," she said softly, "though it seems too good to be true."

"That's just how I feel about it," he agreed, "only with a different meaning."

The Chalk Laundry.

The elderly man in evening dress had eaten his soup indiscreetly, and when he and his wife stood up to leave the restaurant she gave an exclamation of dismay at the condition of the lower part of his shirt bosom. He looked considerably abashed and, grabbing a napkin, began rubbing at the unsightly spots. Then the waiter butted in with his Swiss English:

"I feex zat in joust one segonde eef monsieur and madame will sit down."

He disappeared through the kitchen entry and in half a minute returned with a piece of chalk between his fingers—a plain, common, ordinary stick of chalk, such as the children use for blackboard work in school.

Then, stooping in front of the spotted diner, he went over his shirt front, carefully chalking every spot until, at least at long range, the linen looked immaculate. The lady rewarded him with a smile and the man with something that looked like a quarter.—New York Sun.

Spoke For Himself.

It is told of Charles Lamb that one afternoon, returning from a dinner party, having taken a seat in a crowded omnibus, a stout gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me."

HIDDEN DANGER.

Nature Gives Timely Warnings That No Bellefonte Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

Danger Signal No. 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick Well kidneys excrete a clear, amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy or a thick, red, ill-smelling urine, full of ediment and irregular of passage.

Danger Signal No. 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the coming of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cures sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Here's Bellefonte proof.

Mrs. Nancy Davis, of 246 East Logan Street, says: "I suffered a bad fall some years ago when living n Rochester. I thought at first that *I* had breken my back. *I* was unable to get up without assistance and from that time I suffered for years with a weak back and excruciating pains through the loins and through the small of my back. Sometimes I was completely prostrated and helpless. Doctors and medicines failed to help me and the pain continued until I got Doan's Kidney Pills. I took only a few doses before I began to feel better and when I had continued using them for a while I was thoroughly cured. My back regained its strength and the pain left me. I have had no return of the trouble since."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no others.

How To Avoid Appendicitis

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orion Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and as mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes C. M. Parrish.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

Mr. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va., writes: "I wa a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did I could not stand straight. I took Foley's Kidney Cure One dollar bott e and part of the second cured me entirely" Foley's Kidney Cure works wondess where others are total fail ures. C.M. Parrish.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

or sale by C M Parrish.

For Catarrh let me send you free, just to prove merit, a trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. It is a snow white creamy, healing antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by Green's Pharmacy.

No danger of consumption if you use Foley's Honey and Tar to cure that stubborn cough.

KODOL For Dyspepsia clears the stomach and makes the breath as sweet as a rose. KODOL is sold by druggists on a guarrantee relief plan. It conforms strictly to the National Pure Food and Drugs Law. Sold by Green's Pharmacy

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE
CONTAINING **HONEY AND TAR**

When you need a pill, take a pill, and be sure it's an Early Riser. De Witt's Little Early Risers are safe, sure satisfactory pills. The pills with a reputation. They do not gripe or sicken. They are sold here by Green's Pharmacy.

Kodol For Indigestion.
Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

"Preventics" will promp check a cold or the Grippe when taken early or at the "sneeze stage" Preventics cure seated colds as well. Preventics are little candy cold cure tablets, and Dr. Shoop Racing wis. will gladly mail you samples and a book on Colds free, if you will write him. The samples prove their merit, Check early Colds with Preventics and stop Pneumonia Sold in 5c and 25c boxes by Green's Pharmacy.

PILES RUDY'S PILE **Suppository**
A cure guaranteed if you use

D. Matt. Thompson, Sup't Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish
Call for Free Sample.

A Woman's Health

Is a heritage too sacred to be experimented with. For her peculiar and delicate ailments only medicines of known composition and which contain no alcohol, narcotics, or other harmful or habit-forming drugs should be employed. The *one* medicine which fulfills all these requirements is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy with a record of over forty years of cures to recommend it; a remedy, the makers of which print its formula on every bottle-wrapper and attest its completeness and correctness under oath; a remedy devised and adapted to woman's delicate constitution by an educated physician—an experienced specialist in woman's diseases; a remedy, every ingredient of which has received the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar diseases; a remedy which has more *bona-fide* cures to its credit than any other sold by druggists for woman's special requirements. It is not given away in the form of "trial bottles" to be experimented with, but is sold at a fair price by all dealers in medicines.

Delicate, weak, nervous women should especially shun the use of alcoholic medicines which, from their stimulating and exhilerating effects may seem, for a time, to do good, but which from the inevitable effects of the alcohol in shrinking up the red corpuscles of the blood are sure to do great and lasting harm in the long run. Besides they beget a craving for stimulants which is most deplorable.

Only invigorating and nerve strengthening effects can follow the use of this famous medicine for women. It can not possibly do harm in any state or condition of the system. It has been carefully adapted to woman's needs by an experienced physician—a specialist in their diseases. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

If a woman has bearing down, or dragging pains, low down in the abdomen, or pelvis, backache, frequent headaches, dizzy or fainting spells, is nervous and easily startled, has gnawing feeling in stomach, sees imaginary floating specks, or spots before her eyes, has melancholia, or "blues," or a weakening disagreeable drain from pelvic organs, she can make no mistake by resorting to the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will invigorate and tone up the whole system and especially the pelvic organs.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Perscription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the female system.*

As a powerful invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

No woman suffering from any of the above symptoms can afford to accept any secret nostrum or medicine of unknown composition, as a substitute for a medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and has a record of over forty years of cures and sells more largely to-day than ever before. Its makers withhold no secrets from their patients, believing open publicity to be the very best guaranty of merit.

Dr. Pierce invites all suffering women to consult him by letter *free of charge.* All letters of consultation are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential and all answers are returned in plain, sealed envelopes. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." They are the *original* Little Liver Pills first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. They are tiny sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Forgiveness.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness, and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.—Jean Paul Richter.

Ears of Animals.

The ears of tigers, foxes, wolves, cats and other beasts of prey bend forward, while the ears of animals of flight, such as hares, rabbits, deer, etc., bend backward. This is because the ears of beasts of prey are designed for the purpose of collecting sounds in the direction taken by the animal in pursuit of its prey. The ears of an animal of flight, by turning backward, enable it to hear the sounds made by a pursuer.

Fire Apparatus.

Jamie Soutar loved to poke the fire and invariably ended by putting it out, greatly to his wife's disgust. While at supper one evening the fire alarm rang, and Jamie, seizing his cap, was hastening out when his wife ran to the door and called after him, "Hadna you better tak' the poker wie you, Jamie?"—Short Stories.

The Two Classes.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said most truthfully, "The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something and those who sit and inquire why it wasn't done the other way."

Quite a Difference.

Small Edna—Oh, look at those cows! Small Nellie—They're not cows. They are calves. Small Edna—But what's the difference? Small Nellie—Cows give beef and calves give veal cutlets. —Chicago News.

His Inference.

Marks—Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day? Parks—S-sh! No man should speak that way about his wife. —Boston Transcript.

It behooves a prudent person to make trial of everything before arms. —Terence.

The Proper Thing.

Mrs. Parke—I see that Mrs. Van Cobb has been abandoned by her husband.

Parke—What shall we do—send her congratulations?—New York Life.

Napoleon and the Letter M.

Marboeuf was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Maria Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he was engulfed, Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmount, MacDonald, Murat and Moncey—and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. M. Murat, duke of Bassino, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte; his last was that of Mount St. Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered. He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou and employed Miollis to make Pius VIII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him; afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at St. Helena Montholon and for valet Marchand.

Science and Safe Cracking.

To one who has seen a modern safe, with its smooth surface of hardened steel, such as offers an impenetrable front to the shot of a battleship, it seems impossible that any burglar could force it, and yet we read of safes being cracked often enough. The modern burglar has modern methods. He uses thermite, which is ignited upon the steel and burns its way through, or nitroglycerin, which is squirted into the crack of the door and exploded by an electric spark.—New York American.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

The genuine FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR is in a Yellow package. Refuse substitutes.

Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago.

PROFESSIONAL CARD

HARRY E. FENLON,
Fire Insurance.

Temple Court Bellefonte, Pa.

A. A. DALE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over Centre County Bank, corner Spri and High streets. Bellefonte, Pa.

HARRY KELLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in the Temple Court building, uth Allegheny street, Bellefonte Pa

J. THOMAS MITCHELL.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in the Temple Court building, South Allegheny treet. Bellefonte, Pa.

Fire Life, Accident Plate Glass. Tornado Insurance.
Bonds of every description.

H. E. FENLON
Office in Temple Court. Bellefonte, Pa.

—Send $1.25 to The Bellefonte Republican and you will receive it with THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, the best agricultural family weekly in the United States, for a full year

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates

For sale by C M Parrish.

WANTED—BY CHICAGO MANUFACTURING HOUSE,—person of trustworthiness and somewhat familiar with local territory as assistant in branch office. Salary $18 paid weekly. Permanent position No investment required. Businesse established. Previous experience not Essential to engaging. Address, Manager ranches. 323 Dearborn St. Chicago.

An Insidious Danger

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregulatities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes C. M. Parrish.

The New Pure Food and Drug Law

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. C. M Parrish

"Good for everthing a salve is used for and especsally recommended for Piles." That is what we say about De Witt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. That is what twenty year's of usage has proven. Get the original. Sold by Green's Pharmacy.

A Card

This is to certify that all druggist are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures la grippe coughs, and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. C. M. Parrish

What is it that tastes as pleasant as maple sugar and quickly relieves coughs and colds? Mothers who have used it will quickly answer: "Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup." The pleasant cold remedy that expels the cold through its laxative action on the bowels. Conforms strictly to the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Contains no opiates. Sold by Green's Pharmacy.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

For sale by C M Parrish.

Rest is the great restorer. We tire our muscles by exercise and then rest to restore them; yet a great many of us do not stop to think how little rest we give to our stomachs. As a usual thing no part of our bodies is so generally overworked as our digestive organs. A tired and overworked stomach will give signs of distress to which we pay no heed until at last Dyspepsia takes hold. Indigestion is just a warning and if we heed the warning we can easily avoid further consequences. KODOL is a most thorough stomach relief. It digests what you eat and gives the stomach the needed rest and greatly assists in restoring it to its normal acuvity and usefulness. KODOL is sold on a guarantee relief plan. It is sold here by Green's Phamacy.

The Main Thing About Fire Insurance...

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property—for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance Company of New York, who issue $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year

Harry E. Fenlon,
Office in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold.
RENTS COLLECTED

The Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium In Central Pennsylvania.

P IED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or reading lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisements at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash.

CHARLE C. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTIANS WILL LEAD.

They will Formally Open the New Park with a Grand Reunion

Work has been commenced on the grounds at Carrolltown Junction, which will convert that barren waste into a modern pleasure park of picturesque beauty. Mr. Denlinger informed the writer that it would probably be about the first week of June before all the improvements would be completed.

It has occurred to us that when it is formally opend, the occasion should be marked by more than an ordinary affair that it should be an event long to be remembered by the citizens of North Cambria. To this end we suggest a grand reunion of Centre county citizens now residing in Cambria county. We propose this idea for two reasons: First, it will give an opportunity to renew old acquaintance and friendships, of the former citizens of Centre county of whom there are thousands now living in Cambria, and an organization could be effected, insuring such a reunion each succeeding year. The second reason is, and the most potent, that the president of the trolley, Mr. Denlinger, is from Centre county, the secretary, Major Allport, and Mr. Thomas Barnes, one of the largest stockholders, are both from good old Centre. To these three more than to any others do we owe the existence of the trolley line, and we of Centre county are the ones to publicly open this new park, which will stand as a living monument to the enterprise and progressive spirit of these men.

The celebration will be in the nature of a basket picnic, and any who have ever resided in Centre county, though even for a short time, will be welcome to participate. Prominent speakers will be present, and the whole day be given up to enjoyment.

Committees will be appointed to arrange details, and any suggestions will be gladly received.

Cambria county papers will kindly give the subject publicity. Barnesboro Star.

The Camp will be at Tipton

From a reliable source we received the information that the 2nd Brigade Camp will be at Tipton. For a while the citizens of Tyrone did'nt know whether they wanted it there or not, but it is a settled fact now that our boy will camp near home. Company B would rather go to Erie or Somerset, to spend their ten days of soldier life but the Adjutant General seems to have located Tipton as the place. Well we can all go up on Sunday and see the boys. But for goodness sake don't go with the expectation of sponging your dinner and supper, for the boys are only allowed just so much a day, and if you go and eat what is for them, that wouldn't be nice.

—An old gentleman in stepping from the train Wednesday when it was in motion fell very heavily to the platform and getting up he exclaimed," the d-f-ggy did'nt it wait". The train always remains long enough for you to get off, and it is best to stay in the seat until it stops, and then you will not get hurt.

WANTED—Lath and Shingles—Oak and Chestnut Small Dimension Stuff. A million pieces of each. For dimensions required and other information, call on or address: YEAGER MFG. CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

Orlando Thomas Dead.

Orlando Thomas died at the home of his son-in-law William Kline on the Hamilton farm near State College. Mr. Thomas was born in Union County but has lived in Centre county most all his life. He was married to Miss Lizzie Fry of Shingletown. Three daughters and three sons living and one son dead, were born to this union.

Mr. Thomas was a consistant member of the Lutheran church of Boalsburg. He will be buried on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock from the Kline homestead. Rev. Stonecypher will officiate.

SOLAR INFLUENCE.

It Is Difficult For a Fire to Burn In the Sunlight.

"Did you ever know that fires don't burn as well in sunlight as they do in the shade or at night?" asked my friend, the man much given to hunting and fishing. "Of course they don't seem to because of the greater light from the sun, but I mean as an actual fact they don't. I noticed this thing when on a hunting trip up in Maine first, and how it happened to attract my attention was that the fire went out, totally out, before the sticks were entirely consumed. The wood was dry and resinous, and there was no reason why every particle of it shouldn't have burned. The guide told me he had noticed the same sort of thing innumerable times when fires were burning in the sunlight, and this started me on an investigation which proved in actual practice that open fires not only don't burn so well when the sun's rays are shining on them and fail to throw out as much heat by thermometric tests, but often are actually extinguished by the sun if the rays are bright and strong enough. Coal fires are affected just the same as wood. Strange to say, several scientists to whom I have appealed asserted that the sun's rays could have no effect whatever on a fire. They do, however. I know this beyond all shadow of doubt, and I wonder what the reason is. Other scientists say it's because the heat of the sun adds to the consumption of oxygen of the atmosphere which is necessary to a blaze and also produces carbon, which helps to extinguish the fire."—New York Press.

MIRTH AT MEALS.

Flip In Jokes Like These Between Each Mouthful.

A doctor says, "Don't allow a meal to pass without a joke between each mouthful." This will enhance the value of humor to a great degree. Dinner will move along something like this: Mouthful of soup—screams of mirth, flakes of laughter and breadcrumbs pervading the air. Mouthful of roast duck reminds domestic humorist of something.

"Do you know why a duck goes into the water?" Long silence and more extensive eating. Domestic humorist answers it himself as follows: "For divers reasons." More bread, vegetables and general good feeling. "Why does he come out?" No answer and no sound but that of an old joke under the table cracking its knuckles. "For sun-dry purposes," explains the ready and brainy man, looking casually at a memorandum on his cuff. More dinner and then, "Why does he go in again?"

Nothing can be heard but the low mutter of a thinker, perhaps, as he grapples with the great problem. "To liquidate his bill." Yells of laughter, screams of delight and astonishing feats of digestion promoted by mirth. "And why does he again come out?" More thought and mastication; then the gastric jester says, "To make a little run on the bank," and amid a great shower of vest buttons and mirth the genial, all round tonic humorist and joy promoter goes on.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Best Dressed Man.

Of course the best dressed man in the world is the English gentleman. If you enter the royal inclosure at Newmarket or visit the lawn at Goodwood on the day of a classic race; if you attend a fashionable orchid or horse show when some great personage presides, you will hardly see any one dressed otherwise than perfectly. But take the hurrying passengers in the city, on the street cars, trains or 'buses, go freely among the men in the street, and you will share the conviction I have arrived at—namely, that the American is in general dressed more stylishly and in better fitting and better cut clothes.—C. M. S. in Derrick's Trade Report.

Mme. de Stael's Reply.

Mme. de Stael is responsible for a contribution to the woman suffrage question which may interest those who have done and suffered for the cause. "I have no taste," said Napoleon in talking to her, "for women who meddle with politics." "You may perhaps be right," replied Mme. de Stael, "but since people have taken the freedom to cut off their heads on account of politics they ought at least to be allowed to understand why."—Westminster Gazette.

The Blue Jay.

There is a belief current among the negroes in the south that the blue jay visits the infernal regions every Friday. This belief varies somewhat in different parts of the south. For instance, in South Carolina it is supposed to be carrying sticks for the devil's fires, while in Mississippi and Louisiana the bird is supposed to report to his satanic majesty the status of his affairs on earth.—New York Tribune.

Just Won It.

Magistrate—You didn't steal this watch? Prisoner—No, sir. Magistrate—Then how did you get it? Prisoner—I won it on a bet. Magistrate—What was the bet? Prisoner—I bet a friend that I could take it away from the man who says I stole it.—Illustrated Bits.

Protecting His Interests.

Mr. Tightwad (in Pullman car)—Could I borrow your whisk broom for a few moments, sir?. The Porter—No, sah, yo' couldn't! If dey's gwine to be any 'scrimination 'gin de negro in dis heah cah, I ain't a-gwine to be no access'ry befo' de fact!—Puck.

LONGEVITY.

Its Deadliest Foes Are Excitement, Hurry and Worry.

What is the secret of longevity? We answer: The surest guarantee is a genius for it, a bodily and mental predisposition to a long life. There are persons who are "prefigured unto a long duration." Those who have this gift, which is inherited from long lived ancestors, will generally reach old age, even though they trample on the laws of health, because, although they draw more largely on their vitality than careful livers, they begin life with a vast capital.

For the man of ordinary stamina the chief conditions of long life that are not involuntary are constant occupation in an honorable calling, regular hours, bodily exercise, plenty of sleep, a temperate gratification of all the natural appetites, a sunny disposition and a clear conscience. The deadliest foes to longevity are excitement, hurry and worry.

Strictly speaking, it is not overwork—that is, in the aggregate—that kills. It is too much work done in too little time that causes so many breakdowns today. Work pure and simple, however hard or constant, seldom impairs the health, if only ordinary hygienic precautions are observed. Mental and bodily labor within reasonable limits tend rather to prolong life than to fray its thread. Even overwork may do less injury than underwork—"that rare and obscure calamity from which nobody is supposed to suffer."—Success.

HOME FINANCING.

The Ever Present Problem of Providing For the Future.

There is one problem that dominates the home—an obtrusive, pervasive problem that ofttimes fills the whole horizon of life—one that, like Banquo's ghost, "will not down." It is the ever present question of home financing. When we have mastered the "to have," the problem of the "to hold" confronts us. It is the question of providing for the home which can never be properly answered until we realize that "provide" is a verb that should ever be conjugated in two tenses, present and future.

There is in our American life too often a blind optimism in living up to an income, in assuming that because the sun of prosperity shines warmly today there is no need of providing umbrellas for a possible rainy tomorrow. Those who wisely live within an income rarely have to face the problem of trying to live without one. There are two simple guarantees against future poverty and dependence on others, two great safeguards for home and family—a bank book and an insurance policy. They represent the material defense of the home, a bulwark of love's forethought standing strong and firm in the hour of need.—Delineator.

An Actinic Voice.

Mr. Martin was of those who say of music, "I don't know anything about it, really, but I know what I like." Unfortunately his lack of knowledge never led him to silence.

"I heard a wonderful tenor voice while I was in Paris one summer," he said, with enthusiasm, to a patient friend. "Wonderful! The highest tenor I ever heard."

"Indeed!" said the friend. "What is his name?"

"Why, I can't recall his name," admitted Mr. Martin, "but the voice stays in my mind. Why, man, he sang way up above the scales with perfect ease!"—Youth's Companion.

Italian View of English Police.

The English police force does not shine for its ability in unraveling mysteries or in arresting daring criminals. Statistics show that not less than 30,000 persons disappear unaccountably from London every year. In many other cases these strange vanishings are a direct consequence of crimes that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred go unknown or unpunished. When arrests do follow, especially in thefts and burglaries of importance, they are invariably due to interested betrayal, which puts the detective on the direct scent. If there is no informant, the police do nothing.—Rome Mesaggero.

Wronged.

"But her father objected. "He's a spendthrift. He has no sense of the value of money."

"Oh, you're mistaken, papa!" she answered him. "He can make a dollar go as far as any one. Last night he showed me one that he had carried around the world as a pocket piece."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Absentminded.

"Your wife has fallen downstairs and is seriously hurt!" screamed an excited neighbor over the telephone.

"What's her address?" asked the absentminded editor. "I'll send a reporter up to see if he can get her picture."—Detroit Free Press.

One's Point of View.

"I liked that play we saw last night because it has a happy ending."

"Why, man, the husband in it terrorizes his wife into trembling and silent submission and ends by killing his mother-in-law!"

"I said it had a happy ending."—Baltimore American.

Extenuating.

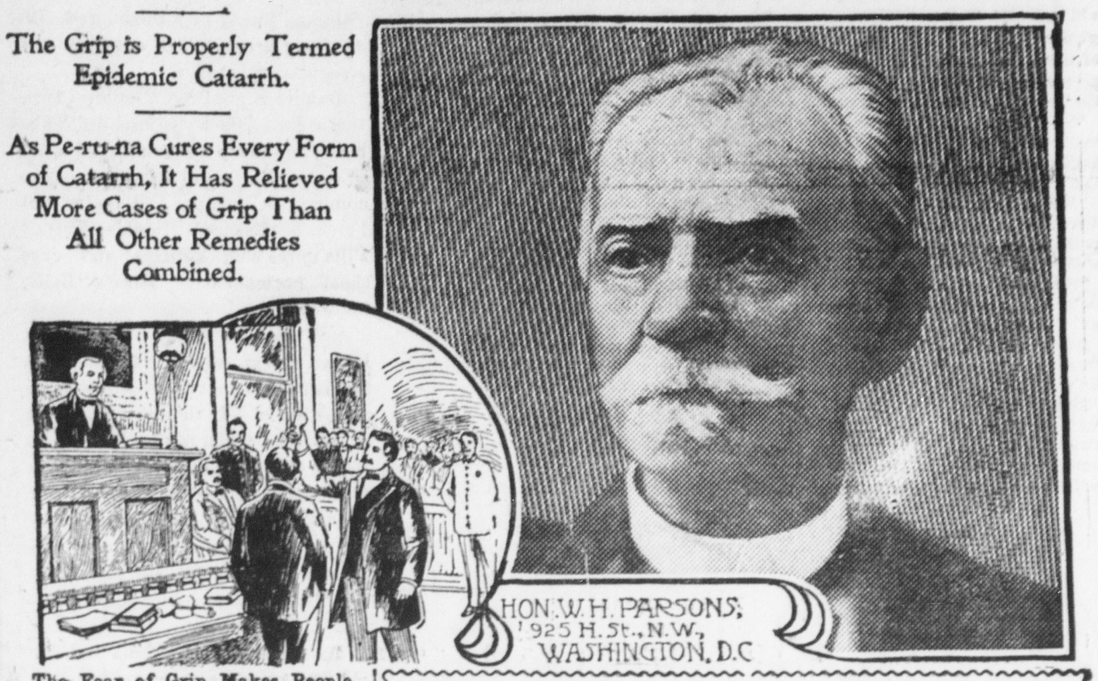
A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said, "Nothing, excepting I lived with her twenty-one years and I never did it before."

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT

Was Alarmingly Afflicted With La Grippe. Cured by Pe-ru-na.

The Grip is Properly Termed Epidemic Catarrh.

As Pe-ru-na Cures Every Form of Catarrh, It Has Relieved More Cases of Grip Than All Other Remedies Combined.



The Fear of Grip Makes People Nervous.

There is no remedy in the world that meets the conditions produced by the grip better than Peruna.

Peruna strengthens as it renovates, soothes while it stimulates, heals as it expurgates.

Peruna is not a purgative, or cathartic or sedative, or stimulant, nor a vegetable or mineral poison.

It reaches the source of all diseases of the mucous membranes by its action on the vaso-motor system of nerves.

After-Effects of the Grip.

Every person who has had la grippe during the last year should take a course of Peruna. No one need expect perfect recovery unless they do so.

The grip has produced catarrhal inflammation of the whole mucous membrane, and good health is impossible until these are restored to a normal condition. This Peruna will do.

A great many remedies have been suggested for this condition from time to time, but Peruna is the only remedy that has any substantial value in these cases.

It has never failed to give satisfaction during forty years' experience and still occupies the unique position of being the leading (if not the only) specific remedy for the after-effects of la grippe.

No Time Like the Present.

If you are suffering from the after-effects of la grippe—if you have become discouraged in your attempts to cure yourself with other treatments, take a bottle of Peruna now.

A bottle of Peruna taken during the beginning of the disease is worth more than a dozen bottles after the trouble has become deep-seated.

W. H. Parsons is Ex-State Senator and Ex-Special Judge of the Supreme Court of Texas, and was also Brigadier-General in Confederate Army. In a recent letter from 925 H street, N. W., Washington, D. C., this prominent gentleman says:

"Upon the recommendation of personal friends and many strong testimonials as to the efficacy of Peruna in the treatment of the numerous symptoms of the grippe with which I have been afflicted for four months past, I have been induced to undergo a treatment with this justly celebrated formula. I feel a decided change for the better after using it only one week.

"It is especially good in toning up the stomach and has had a decided effect upon my appetite. I therefore feel much encouraged that I am on the road to complete restoration.

"My numerous friends in Texas, where I have had the honor to command a brigade of her Veteran Cavalry in a four years' war, may accept this voluntary testimonial to the merits of Peruna as a sense of obligation on my part for its wonderful efficacy."—W. H. Parsons.

Miss Eugenie Lafortune of 110 Berrie street, Montreal, Can., writes:

"Peruna cured me of a severe case of la grippe when nothing else had any effect on me. Five bottles did the work and they were worth hundreds of dollars for the comfort and health restored to me. I therefore feel that the least I can do is to gratefully acknowledge its merits."—Eugenie Lafortune.

A reward of $10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange Bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonial is genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. Every one of our testimonials are genuine and in the words of the one whose name is appended.

Don't be One of This Class

Did you ever notice that "talk" doesn't hurt a man much? Perfection isn't looked for in man, and when some one tries to injure a man by ranting about a few faults he has, the absent one, who is probably attending to his own affairs, is elevated in the hearer's estimation, while the informant is lowered accordingly.

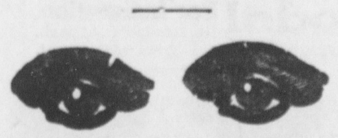
If a man knocks along, doing fairly well, people realize that while he has some faults, he has more virtues, and they are charitable enough to overlook these faults. But it is different with a girl or woman. No matter how good and pure a woman may be, let someone start an infamous lie about her and everyone is willing to pass it along, and there is always someone to believe it. That lie can never be lived down. It may burn low but the gossip loving are ready with new fuel. Did you ever think how damnably mean some goody good people are in this respect.

—A marvelous preparation containing the constituent elements of life, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea cures when all else has failed. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. C. M. Parrish.

Prof. J. Angel.

Eyesight Specialist.

WEDNESDAY morning until THURSDAY Evening MAY, 1st and 2nd.



Prof. Angel is an eyesight Specialist gives remarkable results for weak eyes, Headache, Blurred visions, cross-eyes or Defective eyesight Should any person doubt of the Statement, *Prof.* Angel is well able to give plenty of individual Testimonials of some of the best people of Bellefonte and Vicinity. Prof Angel is trustworthy and reliable. If you wish to save our eyesight and money too, don't fail to call on *Prof.* Angel. All parents are advised to have their childrens eyes examed especially those that go to school. You will there-by make a good scholar and avoid sufferng. At the Brockerhoff House Wednesday morning until Thursday Evening, May 1st and 2nd,

THE SOUNDING OF TAPS.

Over All that Remained of Alfred Smith When Laid to Rest.

On Friday morning as the rain drops were falling from the Heavens and as the bugles sounded taps Alfred S. Smith was lowered into the tomb, there, to await the final summons on that great Resurrection Day when the earth and sea shall give up their dead and all they that sleep shall come forth.

The services were held in the Methodist Episcopal church by Rev. M. C. Piper, whose discourse throughout was impressive. He spoke of the many good, kind traits the deceased possessed.

He was buried at Roland, the Odd Fellows and the Grand Army conducted the services. A fireing squad from Company B acted as an escort to the cemetery. The pall bearers were the sons of the deceased.

The Matrimonial Market

The following marriage licenses were issued during the past week by Register Earle C. Tuten

H. Frank Woomer Minnie B. Showers	Bellefonte "
Evan Davis Ella Sophia Carlson	Philipsburg "
Leonard M. Raymond Catharine M. Rosenhoover	Cooper Bellefonte
Sterling T. Walker Rachel Ogden	Philipsburg Hawk Run
David F. McKean Bertha Sheddy	Howard Vilas
Clyde M. Wate Elsie M. Stover	Smullton Wolfs Store
Charles M Ross Faydh Weber	Linden Hall Boalsburg

Great Worker Coming.

William R. Bridgens one of the greates Bible students of the day will be at the Young Men's Christian Association on the 21st and 22nd of this month. The Bible studies we understand will be free to everyone who wishes to attend and undoubtedly a great many people of the town will avail themselves of this magnificent opportunity to hear the word of God preached and taught by this gentleman. Mr. Bridgens comes to the Bellefonte people from Sunbury and is highly commended by all the ministers of that city April 21st and 22nd are his dates in our town.

WANTED—Painters and paper hangers to go to work at once.

W. A. Burris
Hollidaysburg.

Constans Commandery Entertain.

Constans Commandery number 32 Knights Templar held a special session for the Knighting of several candidates Monday evening which was a gala event in Templarism, in this vicinity over fifty members being in attendance. The work was very nicely elaborated on and done in a very impressive manner by the retiring Eminent Commander, Frank Warfield being ably assisted by the brass quartette of Baldwin II No. 22, Commandery K. T. band of Williamsport being the only complete Commandery band in the U. S. They were accompanied by their well known quartette which rendered some beautiful music. Those who were up from Williamsport were as follows, Geo. Koons, Geo. J. Fisk, Chas. Bronnell, Thomas Goerig, Alfred Bidet, Alfred Nichols, H. F. Flock and Fred Vandersloot. After the work was finished and several commandery speeches were made they retired to the banquet hall where a delicious repast was served. After which all retired to their homes well pleased with the beautiful and impressive ceremony they had witnessed.

The Division Commander Sir Knight Chas. T. Derick of Altoona honored the Commandery with an official visitation and was well pleased with the way the work had been put on. The visitors departed this morning full of praise for their pleasant trip and entertainment at the hands of the Bellefonte members.

—The wall paper you've been looking for is right here at our store. We'd like to show you

ECKENROTH BRO.

When you ask for the

BEST COUGH CURE

and do not get

Kemp's Balsam

You are not getting the best and will be disappointed. KEMP'S BALSAM costs no more than any other cough remedy, and you are entitled to the best when you ask for it.

Kemp's Balsam will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine, and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the Best Cough Cure.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

HIS TWO BOYS.

One the Hero, the Other the Black Sheep of the Family.

"Let's see," said the man who had been away a long time, "you had two boys, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Pat. "They would av been three av thim, but one was born a girl."

"I remember now. Tom and Andy you named them, after Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"As I remember Tom he was a very bright little fellow. I never knew so much about Andy?"

"Ah, but that Andy! He's the boy! He led the big lague twict in battin', and now he's managin' a club in Missouri and has a contract fer five years at a terrible big salary. Me and his ma can't get over bein' glad we never made Andy go to school, but let him play ball in all the corner lots of the neighborhood. And all the neighbors have his pitcher in their parlors. They are proud of him."

"That's fine. I am glad to hear that Andy is doing so well. But what about Tom? I always had an idea that he was going to turn out well."

"No; Tom ain't amountin' to much. He was more for wastin' his time goin' to college and that. He's only the chief lit'ry adviser or something like that for one of these concerns that prints books. But thin, you know, they say there's a black sheep in nearly every family."—Kansas City Independent.

A FISH'S TAIL.

The Wonderful Power It Develops In Its Strokes.

A fish's tail is its wings. Thanks to the machinery of muscle set along its spine and to its cleaving form, a trout or salmon can dart through the water at a tremendous pace, though its rapid flights, unlike the bird's, are not long ones. It is soon dead beat. The water is not so friendly to flight as the air. The stroke of the fish's tail is one of great power, and by means of it and the writhing, snakelike flexion of the body, high speed is reached. The strength behind this speed is shown in the way a fish or sea mammal out of the water will raise its tail and strike the ground or boat. A fisherman told the writer he once had a rude proof of this power. He caught and, with aid, got into his boat a whale thresher. After lying still awhile as if spent or dying, the creature, on its captor approaching, suddenly lashed furiously up and down. The startled men and their captive between them nearly upset the boat. It was an experience they wish never to repeat. The slapping stroke of a helpless and landed fish may be often a spasm and no more, but when a large and naturally aggressive fish—or mammal like this thresher—lashes on the enemy approaching, it does look like conscious fight.—George R. Dewar.

A Crimean Incident.

Many are the deeds of heroism recorded in Sir Evelyn Wood's story of his rise "From Midshipman to Field Marshal," but none more thrilling than an incident of the fighting in the Crimea.

"Look out! 'Whistling Dick!'" was the warning that was shouted one day, and at the call, which referred to a certain huge mortar which had been shelling them, every one in hearing rushed for shelter. All succeeded in gaining the trenches except young Blewitt of H. M. S. Queen. Him the spent shell caught under the knees and pinned to the ground.

"Stephen, Stephen," he called to Stephen Welch, "do not leave me to die!"

The fuse of the thirteen inch shell was hissing, but Welch did not hesitate a second.

"Come on, lads! Let's try!" he shouted and, leaping from the trench, began tugging with all his strength at the big mass of iron. At that instant it burst, and of neither man was a fragment seen again.

Street Cars In Brazil.

"There are first and second class street cars," writes a tourist, describing his South American travels, "and I, with a package in my arms, had taken a first class bond, as a street car is called in Rio de Janeiro. Scarcely had I done so when the conductor requested me to transfer to a second class car whenever it might come along, because no one is allowed to carry anything greater than a lap satchel first class. So I humbly descended and had either to mix with market women and sweaty laborers or to take a tilbury. A person without a necktie is no more allowed first class on the street cars than was I with my parcel. They are decidedly particular in Brazil and inherit many fastidious ways from the time of the empire, when dress and manners were the mark separating the aristocracy from the working classes."

The Great Difference.

Poorman—Of course there's a big difference between a botanist and a florist. Ascum—Is there, really? Poorman—Yes; a botanist is one who knows all about flowers, and a florist is one who knows all about the prices people will pay.—Philadelphia Press.

Johnny's Plot Foiled.

Johnny Jones—My sister has been took with the measles, teacher. Teacher—Then you'd better go home at once, Johnny, and stay there till she gets well. Freddy Brown—Please, teacher, Johnny's sister is stopping with his aunt in Chicago.—Boston Transcript.

Risky.

"Doctor, my wife says she is getting deaf."

"Tell her it's because she is getting old."

"Do you believe she is deaf enough for that to be safe?"—Houston Post.

The Gambler's Hands.

"That man is a 'night worker,' probably a faro dealer," said a detective to a friend as the two stood on a street corner the other afternoon, while the person alluded to by the detective passed by. "Know him?" asked the friend. "Not yet," replied the detective, "but I may later." "How do you know he's a faro dealer, then?" "I don't know it," was the reply, "but that he is in some such business is evident from the peculiar pallor of his face, which you may have noticed. You wouldn't get that particular shade if you worked in a bank or at a desk all day long. It's the artificial light and the bad ventilation that do it, I guess. Keeping in the noise of the rattling chips keeps out the air in most cases, and those dealers work as steadily and as regularly as anybody else. Perhaps you noticed, too, that his hands were smooth and clean, in far better condition than yours or mine or the average business man's. The professional gambler may not like his pallor, but he takes great pride in his hands."—Philadelphia Record.

Cowbirds Unnatural Parents.

The cowbird is the only bird that we have in this country which is unnatural in its parental duties. It never builds a nest for itself, but lays its eggs in other birds' nests, thus forcing the rightful owners to assume parental duties. It it sagacious enough to choose the nests of birds smaller than itself, so that its young, when it is hatched, being inevitably the largest of the brood, must necessarily receive the lion's share of the attention of its foster parents. The birds thus afflicted resort to various means to rid themselves of this unwelcome addition to their litter. The most ingenious method is that frequently used by the little fellow wabbler, who will often build a substructure on top of her original nest, thus burying the eggs of the cowbird and often some of her own with it. Nests have frequently been found with two of these substructures in cases where the wabbler has twice been visited by the cowbird.

George Needed a Barrel.

The old courthouse had been replaced with a new one, though a very creditable sentiment prompted the citizens of Spottsylvania to make it of the same architecture as the old. By a great effort the old county records were preserved and survived the way records, antedating the Revolution by 100 years or more. One, dated 1766 cites that:

"Marye Scott and Clarissa Drury have thys daye been made to receive fortye and sixtye lashes, respectively for stealing the clothes of one George Washington, Gentleman, whilst said George Washington, Gentleman, was in washing in the Rapidan river."

All who in youth sat at the head of the parental table and confronted a steel engraving of the dignified Father of His Country may cry out in protest against sending the decorous Washington home in a barrel, but Spottsylvania county has the records to prove it.—Metropolitan Magazine.

About the Ice Family.

Whenever a polar expedition is in progress we hear of ice floes, pack ice, sailing ice and other things of which the reader in a temperate climate has only a hazy idea, which makes him miss the interest of the news. An "ice field" is an area of frozen snow or water so large that the limits are invisible and unknown. On the other hand a "floe" is a mass of ice perhaps very large, but whose boundaries are seen by the explorer. When such floes become broken and the pieces are wedged together by the wind and the currents they form "pack ice," the terror of the arctic voyager. When a ship gets caught in a mass of pack ice there it remains fast until contrary winds or currents break up the pack, and then we have "sailing ice."

A Fatal Advertisement.

Vestris, the great dancing master, died at eighty-three, and it was said he would have lived till a hundred but for a sudden and mortal blow in the shape of an advertisement. One day he asked for a newspaper, probably for the first time in his life. Scarcely had he opened the sheet when his eyes lighted upon the following: "Wanted a professor of dancing at Calcutta. Must be a skillful chiropodist at the same time." He took to his bed and never left it again alive.

Long Legged Birds.

Long legged birds have tails so short that they seem to be out of proportion to their bodies. But there is a reason for the short tails. Birds, while flying and often while walking, use their tails for steerage purposes. When birds with long legs take to flight, they throw their legs behind in a manner that causes them to serve the same purpose as a tail.

Always Moistened.

"He has a dry cough."

"Then it can't come from his throat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Cards.

"Paw, can anybody tell fortunes by cards?"

"No, my son. Many a man who has thought he could has found by subsequent experience that he didn't hold the right cards."—Chicago Tribune.

Nowadays.

First American Child—Here I am ten years old, and my parents actually objected to my going to the matinee. Second American Child—The truth is that parents nowadays are getting spoiled.—Life.

"TAPPING" STEEL.

The Way Manufacturers Conceal Defects In the Casting.

It might very naturally have been thought that if there was one trade which could be said to be free from trickery and faking it was that of steel manufacture. The mere fact that steel is synonymous with strength would seem to bear out this view. And yet methods are sometimes adopted in the making of steel which once again illustrate the saying that there are tricks in every trade.

At the same time it must be admitted that some of these tricks when carried out do not necessarily mean a lessening in the soundness and quality of the material. For instance, it sometimes happens that in casting a piece of steel what is known as a "blowhole" occurs. Often this is not noticed until the steel has been cut and trimmed for the required purpose. In such a case the hole is usually "tapped" and a well fitting screw inserted, the head of the latter being filed off so closely to the metal that it needs an expert eye to detect any unusual feature. This is a trick which makes no difference in the strength of the metal and consequently is quite harmless.

Sometimes, however, a crack appears in a piece of metal which it is impossible to remedy by the usual expedients of hammering and rolling. The careful manufacturer will put the piece on one side and make a fresh casting, for if such a piece of metal were used as a crank shaft, for instance, it might split at a time of extra strain and so bring untold disaster.

On the other hand, the manufacturer may decide that he cannot afford to throw the faulty casting on one side, and in order to cover the defect it is put in the open air to rust. The weather will most likely be found to have filled the crack by the time the casting is required, and no one outside the foundry will have known of its existence until perhaps it causes a vessel to become disabled. And, as it is almost impossible to tell afterward how the crack originated, the maker is quite secure from blame.

One of the most sensational scandals which have agitated the engineering world for some years past came to light not long ago in connection with the building of a great battleship. After a trial trip she was found to be somewhat leaky, and an examination of some of the plates forming the side of the vessel revealed the startling fact that the rivets had been put in the holes cold and simply calked.

When a ship's plates are riveted together, it is usual not only of course to drive the rivets in red hot, but also to calk them over with a special composition as an extra caution against leakage. In the case mentioned the builder was working under contract and in order to save time resorted to the trick described. The result was that the strain on the plates quickly loosened the calking, and some of the rivets actually dropped out of the holes.—London Tit-Bits.

Senate Gavel Handleless.

It is an odd fact that the gavel used by the presiding officer of the senate has no handle, like that used by the speaker of the house. It is an ivory contrivance, modestly ornamented, of cylindrical shape and about four inches long. In wielding it the vice president has to hold the gavel in his hand as if it were a small hammer without a handle. How the custom originated of providing the vice president with a handleless gavel is not known, though the oldest senate attache cannot remember when it was otherwise, just as the oldest senate attache cannot remember when the gold snuffbox that occupies its ancient niche at the right of the vice president's raised desk was not dutifully filled every morning, although no statesman now patronizes that once popular box for a gentle sneeze.—Washington Herald.

Barbarians and Perfumes.

Though perfume may be the outcome of civilization and more lavishly used by nations well to the front in manners and polish, there are instances of people of great demoralization who use it in some of their horrible customs. The fetich men of Ashanti supply an illustration of this, who, for the benefit of young soldiers, concoct a mixture of blood, of human hearts and of fragrant herbs, and Bettany, quoting from Beecham, says, "All who have never before killed an enemy in battle eat of the preparation, it being believed that if they did not their energy would be secretly wasted by the haunting spirits of deceased foes."

A Bad Practice.

"I've a good notion," said Plodding Pete, "to join dis forestry association."

"What fur?"

"I want de trees preserved in all deir venerable beauty. I want to see de monarchs of de wilderness left undisturbed in deir peaceful majesty. It's time dis practice of handlin' a man an ax an' tellin' him to chop wood was stopped."—Washington Star.

Honorable Youth.

"Here, you, sir!" cried the irate father. "How dare you show your face here again?"

"Well," replied young Nervey, "I might have worn a mask, of course, but that would have been deceitful."—Houston Post.

What Happens.

"When Greek meets Greek!" said the man who quotes.

"What happens then?"

"I don't remember exactly. I suppose it's time to get an interpreter."—Washington Star.

Making It Pleasant.

"I am nineteen years old and go to parties a good deal. I want to make myself pleasant and agreeable, but am a poor conversationist. Could you suggest some topics of conversation that would take well in mixed company? MABEL."

Yes, Mabel. As soon as you enter the parlor shake your head and exclaim in a loud tone:

"Oh, dear! I washed my hair yesterday and can't do a thing with it!"

That makes a hit right away and puts every one at ease. This expression can be used whenever conversation lags. Music is a great help. Express yourself this way:

"Well, I don't know anything about music, but I do know what pleases me."

This will give the idea that you are a musician.

To discuss art all you have to do is look at the pictures on the wall and when you see one you like exclaim:

"Isn't that a beaut?"

This will divulge your artistic sense.

At the supper table reach for the olive dish and say:

"There was a time when I couldn't eat olives, but I can eat a whole bottle of them now."

Then take five in one grab, and people will like you for saying what you mean. With these few hints you'll find conversation comparatively easy.—Detroit Free Press.

Sugar In Coffee.

The average amount of sugar used in coffee is a study which has become so much of a fascination to a young man who frequents restaurants pretty constantly that he has taken to going to different places for each meal in order to enlarge the sphere of his observations among different classes of people, says the Philadelphia Record. "Poor people, as a rule," he says, "use more sugar than rich people, and it's also a pretty constant rule that men drink sweeter coffee than women and that old men have the sweetest tooth of all when it comes to coffee. It is noticeable, too, that drinkers of after dinner coffee make it very much sweeter than that which they take in the morning. I know a middle aged man who takes just two lumps to a cup in the morning, which is below the average, but into the little cup he takes after dinner he puts six full sized lumps. This makes a sort of sirup of the drink, which, I suppose, takes the place of after dinner bonbons."

Trained Too Well.

In Baltimore the rule of the transportation companies is that children over the age of five years must pay full fare, those under that age being carried free.

One afternoon not long ago there were among the passengers on a Charles street car a woman and her son, the latter a big boy of apparently seven years, but who was held in his mother's lap as if he were a baby.

Presently the lad grew restive. "Mommer, mommer," he murmured, "say, mommer!"

The mother, with a premonition of impending danger, tried to silence the youngster, but to no avail, for he continued to call upon his "mommer."

Finally the woman asked, "Well, what is it, son?"

"Mommer, when do I say I'm only five?" asked the irrepressible.—New York Times.

Blind Pupils.

An artist in Paris had much difficulty in getting his pupils to make use of the extremely "impressionistic" ideas of art. One evening at a large dinner party he asked an elderly gentleman next to him, who was very shortsighted, how the gentleman at the foot of the table appeared to him.

"Well," replied the nearsighted one, "I see a very white spot, which I take to be his shirt front, and a flesh colored spot, which I know to be his face."

"Ah," exclaimed the artist enthusiastically, "how I wish my pupils could see things as you do!"—Searchlight.

Feeling Heat and Cold.

The principal reasons that we feel objects that are cold when brought in contact with the skin quicker than those that are warm is that the skin, being a very poor conductor of heat, absorbs heat slowly from an object of a higher temperature than itself, while other objects which are cooler and which in nearly every instance are better conductors of heat than the skin absorb heat readily from the skin, and hence a sensation of cold is felt at once.

Forgiveness.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness, and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.—Jean Paul Richter.

—The Bellefonte hospital was among the long list of institutions that was reported to the Senate Appropriation Committee on Tuesday, as deserving the appropriation asked for, which is $17,000.

—The hotels and large buildings are being decorated already in Lock Haven for the Odd Fellows Convention that meets there on Friday April 26th. Neither the Pennsylvania or the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania have said anything about an excursion on that date from Bellefonte.

Wedding Etipuette.

When a bride is married in a traveling dress, the number of bridesmaids should be limited to one

If a bride goes away on her wedding journey right from the church, friends do not expect to be invited to the reception

Only the nearest relatives and a few intimate friends receive invitations to the reception if it is to be a small one

The bridal bouquet may be dispensed with and a prayer book carried or not as desired.

There is no rule against either bride or bridesmaid carrying a bouquet. Whether she does or not is merely a matter of personal inclination on her part.

The custom of proposing healths at the wedding breakfast or tea has almost died out. In any case only the bride, bridegroom and bridesmaids are proposed.

The bride provides her trousseau and her presents to the bridegroom. These are her only expenses.

Her father pays for flowers to decorate the church, if any are used. He also pays the choir, if the service is a musical one and provides the carpet and awning that are used on the pathway to the church door and carriages.

The bridegroom days the bride's flowers and bays for the carriage in which he takes his wife away. He also pays the minister's fee and usually gives a small gift to his best man and each usher.

Wanted.

Men and boys wanted to learn plumbing, plastering, bricklaying, electrica trades: free catalogue; positions secured Coyne Trade Schools, New York and San Francisco.

College of Music.

Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa., is an ideal place to study music. $34 pays six weeks board and instruction on either, piano, organ, violin, band and string instruments and singing. Terms begin May 6th, June 17th, July 29th. For catalogs address.

HENRY B. MOYER

—See Green's Pharmacy add in the inside of this paper.

—California oranges, sweet fruit, fine white malaga grapes, Florida grape fruit, new raisins, apricots and peaches, golden yellow granulated corn meal, elgin creamery butter, finest full cream cheese.

Oct. 26, 1-m SECHLER & CO.

Baby to be Given Away.

Staff Captain Lyons of the Salvation Army of Philadelphia arrived in town this morning and will conduct special service at the hall tonight. A little baby will be dedicated to the Lord and the enrollment of soldiers will take place. After the services, ice cream and cake will be served, the admission will be ten cents, the citizens of Bellefonte are cordially invited to attend.

The funeral will occur on Monday morning. Services held at her late home on West Curtin street conducted by Rev. Rearick of Mifflinburg and Rev. Barry the newly elected pastor of the Lutheran church of this place. Interment will be made in the family plot at Boalsburg.

For Sale.

175 yards second hand ingrain carpet will be sold cheap, good carpet for a hall. Apply to J. K. Johnston, Thos. Hazel, S. D. Gettig, or write E. E. Ardery, Bellefonte Pa. d-1w.

—"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

—Fine millinery at the Imperial at away down prices.

GARMAN'S.

Newest Things In

White Goods

Embroideries

Dress Goods

Black Goods our Specialty

Very low prices, considering how goods are soaring.

GARMAN'S.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

METHODIST ENTERTAINMENT.

A Success in Every Particular. The Music was Delightful.

On Thursday evening the young ladies and gentlemen of the Epworth League held an entertainment in the lecture room of the church at which a great many people atttended.

The program of vocal and instrumental music and recitations certainly delighted the large audience present and all of the participants were encored After the musical entertainment choice refreshments of ice cream, cake, candy, coffee and other dainties were served and altogether went to make a most pleasant and enjoyable evening for all present. The programe was as follows:

Invocation—Rev. J. B. Stein.
Instrumental Solo—Mr Godfrey,
Recitation—"The wreck of the Women's Circle," Miss Mary Hicklen
Instrumental Solo—Mr. Dunning.
Vocal Solo—Spring Is Here"—Miss Twitmyer.
Instrumental Solo-Miss Martha Barnhart.
Instrumental Solo—Mrs. Meserve.
Vocal Solos—"Sing Me To Sleep" and "Oh Promise Me"—George D. Bayard.
Instrumental Solo—Miss Rider.
Recitations—"Domestic Economey" and "Sonny's Proposal"—Miss Rachael Shuey.
Vocal Solos—"Fiddle and I" and "Rosalie"—Mrs. Dunning.
Instrumental Solo—Mrs. Meserve.
Vocal Solos—"The Gondolier" and "A Tragic Tale"—Mr. Dunning.
Instrumental Solo—Mr. Dunning.

A Desperate Character Arrested by Deputy Sheriff Reese.

Steve Barento, a bad man was arrested at Clarence on Saturday and brought to Fort Kline to await trial.

Steve made several daring threats to shoot the constable at this little town and the law abiding citizens were beginning to get afraid of him, so a warrant was sworn out for his arrest and Deputy Reese went to the fellows home and nabbed him. He was arrested under three indictments, attempt to kill, malicious mischief and cruelty to animals. His wife Mary Borento was also arrested but was discharged. Perhaps Steve will be good now.

FOR SALE.—Several desirable houses in Bellefonte, also a good farm. Inquire of Robert Cole, Bellefonte, Pa. d-3-22-2w.

"Male Help wanted.

Manager for New Branch of our business here in Bellefonte. Write promptly with reference.

The Morris Wholesale House,
Cincinnati, O.

Patton to have Home Talent.

It seems as though the outside world is made up mostly of Bellefonte and Centre county citizens, at least when over anything of any importance takes place out side of Bellefonte in a social way some one from Bellefonte seems to have butted in, nevertheless we are all the more proud of them and glad we can produce people who are winning a line light reputation.

This time two of our Bellefonte boys are taking an active part in a ministrel performance to be given at Barnesboro next Friday evening. William Reese and Ollie Campbell, Mr. Reese will be property mananger and will also sing "Do Ra Mi Fa So La Si Do." Will has a splendid voice and will certainly make a hit in the little mining town. The Barnesboro Stares peaks of Mr. Campbell in this manner.

"This year the ministrel will be even better than last, for two new luminaries from Barnesboro have been added to the galaxy of "mask and wig celebrities, in the persons of "Arty" Shannon and "Ollie" Campbell who in their latest specialties will simply paralize the audience by some of their marvelous stunts." We hope the bops will meet with success in the performance.

Kindness of the Company.

By TRAY ALLISON.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

The telephone bell rang, and the local manager of the Possible Accident Insurance company put the receiver to his ear with one hand and stifled a yawn with the other.

"Yes, yes," he answered, then suddenly on the alert at the reply, "railroad accident five miles east of Syracuse? Has our policy in her pocket? In dangerous condition? Unconscious, you say? All right! I will look up policy 9834 immediately and communicate with friends."

He suddenly remembered that it was the luncheon hour, and for the moment the force consisted of only himself and the office boy.

"Come here, Tim," he called to the other visible representative. "Hold down this desk and the telephone while I hunt a policy."

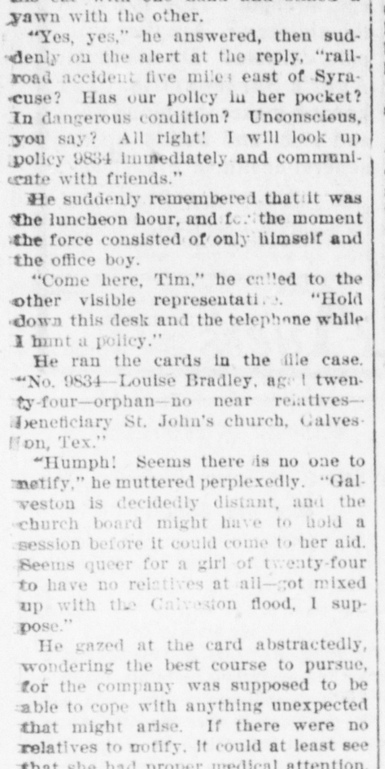
He ran the cards in the file case. "No. 9834—Louise Bradley, aged twenty-four—orphan—no near relatives—beneficiary St. John's church, Galveston, Tex."

"Humph! Seems there is no one to notify," he muttered perplexedly. "Galveston is decidedly distant, and the church board might have to hold a session before it could come to her aid. Seems queer for a girl of twenty-four to have no relatives at all—got mixed up with the Galveston flood, I suppose."

He gazed at the card abstractedly, wondering the best course to pursue, for the company was supposed to be able to cope with anything unexpected that might arise. If there were no relatives to notify, it could at least see that she had proper medical attention.

"I'll go myself—too much indolence is boring me to death—first accident we've recorded today." And an hour later Richard Hartleigh, representing the Possible Accident Insurance company, boarded a train that would put him into Syracuse in two hours.

When he reached the improvised hospital, a farmhouse whose doors had



"DICK, YOU'LL STAY," SHE BEGGED.

been thrown open to the sufferers, the doctor in charge took him to Louise Bradley.

"I'm afraid this will be the worst case," he said. "Seems like concussion of the brain. We'll see that everything possible is done for her."

Hartleigh looked pityingly at the slim slip of a girl, her head bandaged and her face flushed with fever. "She's an orphan—no relatives—poor little thing." And he touched her hand gently.

The girl's fingers clasped his, and she opened her eyes unexpectedly.

"Dick, you'll stay," she begged breathlessly—"you'll not leave me alone?"

Richard Hartleigh sat down by the bed and humored her feverish fancy. "Yes, Louise; yes, little girl. I'll stay," he said soothingly.

It was not until the doctor and the trained nurse arrived from town an hour later that he unclasped his fingers gently and left her.

He walked up and down the meadow path smoking quietly.

"I wonder," he exclaimed finally, "who in thunder Dick is!"

A month later he went down in his automobile to take her for her first outing since the accident.

"The doctor says you are doing finely." He tucked a robe around her feet and put an extra cushion for her back. "Honestly, this accident policy business is fascinating," he jumped in beside her and started the machine.

"I had no idea an insurance company did so much for people," she laughed. "It has paid doctor's bills, sent flowers and fruit and come down twice a week to see how the policy holder was getting on—and lots of things."

Hartleigh chuckled rather sheepishly.

"The flowers and fruit were little extra touches thrown in," he conceded.

When he came the next week, he found her strong enough to ramble down the meadow path with him, and they finally sat on the fallen log by the creek to rest.

"I must leave here next week," she said somewhat regretfully. "I teach school, and school opens the 1st of September."

"Couldn't you wait until you are quite well—really strong?" he urged.

"The accident insurance will not last forever," she reminded. "I don't see how you were able to make it cover so many things, anyway."

He gazed at the waters of the little creek flowing hypnotically before him.

"Who's Dick?" he finally asked abruptly.

She turned her face away.

"Dick was my brother," she said softly. "He was drowned in the Galveston flood. We were together on the second floor of our house. The first floor was a foot deep in water. He insisted that he would swim to the nearest neighbor's for help. I begged him not to go, but he went and was drowned."

They sat in silence until Hartleigh spoke.

"Louise—my own people call me Dick—and the first time I saw you—you clung to my fingers and called me Dick and begged me not to leave you. You were not conscious then, but I've been wishing that you would do it again."

"I was half conscious," she said slowly, "and I have a dim recollection of your promising that you would not leave!"

The manager of the Possible Accident company positively beamed.

"Our company fulfills all its obligations," he said, taking her in his arms. "In addition to the doctor and nurse and flowers, we'll throw in a home and a husband and even a mother-in-law and a few cousins. We are good to all our patrons, but we even furnish relatives when the beneficiary needs them."

She seemed to find the way he had drawn her head against his rough tweed shoulder most comforting, for she smiled up into his face contentedly.

"And we'll frame policy No. 9834 and hang it in the house the company provides," she said softly.

"You bet we will!" shouted the manager of the company.

Literary Crimes.

The lady story writer towered in the doorway.

"Perhaps you take me for a writer of patent medicine advertising?" she sarcastically remarked to the startled editor.

"I think not, madam," he managed to reply. "What seems to be the difficulty?"

"Then you have not noticed it?" she said.

He shook his uncombed locks.

"Listen!" she said as she flung a glance of disdain at him. "The atrocity occurs in the chapter of my story where the English heiress discovers the perfidy of her spendthrift French husband. This is the particular sentence: 'She paled with indignation and, stooping suddenly, took a bill from the oblong box before her.'"

"Yes?" said the editor. "Was there an error in the printed copy?"

"Error!" shrieked the authoress. "There were two of them! They were worse than errors—they are crimes! Listen! For 'indignation' you substituted 'indigestion,' and in place of 'bill' you printed 'pill!'"

And she gurgled in her throat as she swept out.—Kansas City Independent.

Using One's Eyes.

A man who had recently been in Europe was entertaining his friends with stories about Paris and in the course of his talk mentioned several places which were unknown to his listeners, although they had all frequently visited the French capital. "People go through the world with their eyes shut," was the story teller's comment. A quiet little man in the party then said that even the most observing people did not always see and, addressing the traveler, said:

"You ride in subway trains twice a day. Can you tell me what is printed on them?"

"No."

"You look at your watch many times every day. Can you tell me is the six on its face a Roman or an Arabic figure?"

"Why, Roman, of course."

And he looked and found that there was no six on his watch dial.

"All of which demonstrates," said the little man, "that the most observing do not always see."—New York Tribune.

Bar of Music Versus Bar of Soap.

The leader of the orchestra at a Cleveland theater was visited by a seedy looking individual who asked for employment as a violinist.

"We'll see what you can do," said the leader. "Here is a violin. I will accompany you on the piano."

The seedy looking person took his seat beside the leader, and the two began the duet the latter had selected.

After the first few bars had been played the caller rasped his bow across the strings, stopped, leaned forward, looked at the composition and shook his head. "Sharps?" he said. "Sharps? I never play in sharps!"

Whereupon the leader took from him the violin, which he replaced in its case, remarking:

"My friend, what you need is a job as a night watchman in a soap factory."

"Will you get it for me?" eagerly asked the caller.

Every Day the Best.

Write it in your hearts that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.

Most Irritating.

"I am so annoyed! My servant has just been killed on the railway. Only half his body has been found, and with the other half are my keys."—Bon Vivant.

Better Cigar Values at Lower Prices Than Ever Sold Before

A Direct-dealing Plan That Cuts out Four Profits and Much Expense

NATIONAL CIGAR STANDS

Here's An Example

of the way the National Cigar Stands save the smoker money

Here's a full, plump Perfecto, made by hand of selected seed-and-Havana leaf. It is just such a cigar as is sold in the average cigar store at 3 for 25 cents; a fragrant, mild, smooth combination that pleases more smokers than any other class of cigars known to the trade. This is its name and label—both will be famous:

BLACK AND WHITE

Its price, (in Perfecto or Bouquet size) is

FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT

This 3 for 25-cent quality at 5 cents is a good example of the result reached by this combination of 2,600 drug store cigar stands into a single, compact, powerful buying concern. It cuts out profits and expenses that have heretofore nearly *doubled* the cost of cigars. National Cigar Stands now give the same qualities often at *half* what they used to cost, always for *less*.

Stirling Castle: a fine clear Havana cigar of usual 10 cents quality.....6c

Lord Carver: highest type of popular Havana-filled, Sumatra-wrapped cigar, the best ever sold at.....3 for 25c

Adad: a first-class domestic cigar, presenting superior workmanship.....7 for 25c

Cuba-Roma: rich, choice Cuban-grown leaf, quality seldom seen at 3 for 25 cents.....5c

La Idalia: splendid clear Havana, of perfect workmanship.....3 for 25c

Flor de Madrid: very choice quality of clear Havana in fine sizes. 17 shapes, as a sample of which take the *Perfecto Grande*, a 3 for 50-cent cigar at.....2 for 25c

El Carvajal: superb imported Havana line, finest tobacco and workmanship to be had at any price. Nine sizes. Note especially the Panetela chica.....10c

Green's Parmacy Co.,

Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.,

We're All Leather Eaters.

"And then," said the arctic explorer, "I ate my leather belt."

"Pooh, what of that? Every mother's son of us eats a pair of shoes a year."

The explorer frowned. "This," he began, "is no laughing"—

But the scientist interrupted him. "I am not jesting, sir. I speak the solemn truth. What is leather? Is it not albumen and tannin? Well, when you add milk to your tea or coffee, the tannin of the one and the albumen of the other unite, and leather results. The leather is in minute particles. Nevertheless it is there. And down it goes. All who drink tea or coffee daily," the scientist concluded, "consume in a year enough leather to make a pair of shoes."

The explorer sneered. "To resume," he said, "I then ate the lining of," etc.—Exchange.

Ahead, Yet Behind.

The nervous foreigner got up and went back to the conductor of the street car.

"Pardong, m'sieur," said he, "but zee car, he run so slow, and why, if you pleeze? Ees it not so?"

"Yep," replied the conductor. "We can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider. "Would you mind saying him again?" he asked apologetically.

"I say," replied the conductor, louder than before, "that the car ahead is behind. See?"

The foreigner returned to his seat. "Zee car-r-r ahead, he ees behind?" said he to himself. "Most wonderful, most astonishing is zis country!"—Judge.

Her First Birth.

Black Sarah was busily employed about our northern kitchen, remarked a prominent housekeeper, when I had occasion to go out there and by way of being pleasant said:

"You are from the south, are you not, Sarah?"

"Law, yes, miss!" was the answer.

"Born in the south?" I continued.

"Originally bawn in Richmond, miss." was the astonishing reply.—Reader Magazine.

Her Fear.

A little girl remarked to her mother, "I am not afraid in the dark."

"Of course not," said the mother.

"I was afraid once, though, when I went into the pantry to get a tart," she added.

"What were you afraid of?"

"I was afraid I would not find the tarts," was the reply.

No Need to Cry.

"Don't cry, Buster," said Jack after the catastrophe. "Napoleon didn't cry every time his brother hit him accidentally on the eye."

"I know that," retorted Buster. "Napoleon did all the hittin' on the eye hisself."

The Squall.

"Where do you suppose that squall is coming from?" asked the amateur yachtsman. "I don't know," replied the head of a small but obstreperous family, "unless it is coming from the cradle of the deep."—Baltimore American.

A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, in a hive from 30,000 to 40,000 bees.

One Condition.

Mr. Wysun—I want you to have everything that is good for you, my dear. Mrs. Wysun—Oh, thank you, John. Mr. Wysun—But remember that I am to be the judge of what is good for you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Exception.

The Professor—It is said that the ordinary brick absorbs nearly fifteen ounces of water. The Joker—All the boys say Boozem is a brick, but I never heard of him absorbing water.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

All That's Necessary.

"Do Mr. and Mrs. Henpeck live happily?"

"Mrs. Henpeck does."—Houston Post.

THE WOMAN WHO COUGHED.

Catarrh had nearly ruined me. It had eaten away the partition in my nose; produced Asthma, Bronchitis, Rheumatism; ruined my stomach; in fact, gone all through my system. Then Grip finished me. I was a wreck; took cold at nothing; and coughed day and night. The doctors dosed me with opium and quinine. No good. Cough 'cures'? Bah! Then Brazilian Balm renovated me. Killed every germ. Took 10 $1.00 bottles. Now I'm like a girl of 18.
MISS L. L. CLARK, Indianapolis.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cure wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by all druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.
A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the
UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA.

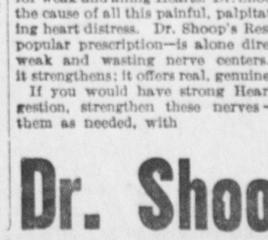
Sold in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish

PATENTS
THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Anyone sending a sketch and description of an invention will be promptly advised, without cost, as to its patentability. Communications strictly confidential. The handsomest illustrated book issued on patents, sent free.
Patents taken through Hensey & Gough receive *Special Notice*, without charge, in
THE AMERICAN INVENTOR
A beautifully illustrated send-monthly journal.
Subscription, $1.50. All newsdealers, 10c. a copy.
HENSEY & GOUGH 214-218 Liberty St., NEW YORK
Office of THE AMERICAN INVENTOR.
Branch Office, 1205 F Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.
6100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA.
Mention this paper.



REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

"Made a Well Man of Me."

THE GREAT REVIVO REMEDY

produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it, with guarantee. Circulars free. Address
ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
For sale by C. M. Parrish.

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

JURY FAILS TO AGREE

Slayer of White Must Wait Months for a New Trail

THAW IN THE TOMBS

After Nearly 48 Hours of Deliberation The Jury Reported its Inability to Find Verdict and was Discharged

SEVEN TO FIVE FOR CONVICTION

New York, April 13.—Hopelessly divided—seven for a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree and five for acquittal on the ground of insanity—the jury which since the 23rd of last January had been trying Harry K. Thaw, reported after 47 hours and eight minutes of deliberation that it could not possibly agree upon a verdict. The twelve men were promptly discharged by Justice Fitzgerald, who declared that he, too, believed their task was hopeless. Thaw was remanded to the Tombs without bail to await a second trial on the charge of having murdered Stanford White, the noted architect.

When this new trial would take place no one connected with the case could express an opinion. District Attorney Jerome declared that there were many other persons accused of homicide awaiting trial and Thaw would have to take his turn with the rest. As to a possible change of venue both the District Attorney and council for Thaw declared they would make no such move.

They may make an early application for bail. Jerome said he would strenuously oppose it. He aided the belief that as seven of the jurors had voted for "guilty" his opposition probably would be successful. In that event Thaw has another long summer before him in the city prison, for his case on the already crowded criminal calendar cannot possibly be reached until some time next fall.

The scenes attending the announcement by the jury of its inability to agree upon any sort of verdict were robbed of any theatricalism by the general belief that after their long deliberation and the reports of a wide division of sentiment, the jurors could make no other report than one of disagreement.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Signs on a Suit Case.

Very often you see people traveling now-a-days with suit case covered with tags announcing to the world that at least, their suit case had traveled a good bit. On Friday evening we noticed two cases at the depot that certainly did look funny. One was a beautiful leather case with stamps on from most every foreign port in the world, according to this case the owner or the man who borrowed it has traveled through Europe. Asia and Africa, for the poor case was so fully covered with stamps that you could hardly get a pin between them. Now in Philadelphia Pittsburg and even in Altoona you can buy all these kind of stamps you want for a cent a peice. The other fellows suit case had cigar bands pasted on, this made a pretty appearance as only one band of each kind of a cigar made and smoked by this man and his friends was on the case. In a prominent place on the top of the satchel near the handle was a picture of Dutch Otto's New Nittany Club. Of the two cases the one with the cigar bands was the prettiest, as every wrapper represented at least an nickel and the stamps can be bought for a cent.

Are You Nervous

Nervousness and sleeplessness are usually due to the fact that the nerves are not fed on properly nourishing blood; they are starved nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and thereby the nerves are properly nourished and all the organs of the body are run as smoothly as machinery which runs in oil. In this way you feel clean, stong and strenuous—you are toned up and invigorated, and are good for a whole lot of physicial or mental work. Best of all, the strength and increase in vitality and health are lasting.

The trouble with most tonics and medicines which have a large booming sale for a short time, is that they are largely composed of alcohol holding the drugs in solution. This alcohol shrinks up the red blood corpuscles, and in the long run greatly injures the system. One may feel exhilarated and better for the time being yet in the end weakened and with vitality decreased. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains no alcohol. Every bottle of it bears upon its waapper The Badge of Honesty, in a full list of all its several ingredients. For the druggist to offer you something he claims is "just as good" is to insult your intelligence.

The American Magazine for April

Ray Stannard Baker "the great reporter," begins his series on the negro in the April American Magazine. "Upon the ocean of antagonism between the white and negro races in this country there arises occasionally a wave, stormy in its appearance. Such a wave was the Atlantic riot," says Mr. Baker who then proceeds to describe that spectacular disturbance and the disaster incident to its fury. Great full-page pratraits of negro types—and a wonderful black mammy on the cover—illustrate the first article

The first authoritative and complete story of the Wright brothers, who after years of experimenting have made flying practicable is told by Herbert N. Casson. Photographs of the Wright brothers in flight are reproduced. Miss Tarbell continues her story of the tariff with an account of the commission of 1882 and of events in the time of Hayes and Garfield. Josephine Daskam Bacon writes on the servant problem. "The Interpreter" pictures E. H. Harriman graphically. George Fitch describes the Missouri River with extraordinary humor,

F. Marion Crawfords serial continues and another of David Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment" is included. There are stories by Jeanette Cooper, John G. Neihart, E. Nesbit and Carter Hamilton

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

April Fashion Magazine Free.

Next Sunday every purchaser of the New York Sunday World will be given a copy of a splendid Fashion Magazine, with colored covers and profusely illustrated. The magazine is printed on fine paper and consists of twenty-four pages. This is in addition to the Sunday World's regular magazine and Comic Weekly, which alone are worth twice the price charged for the entire paper.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Nailing a Lie.

In The Americans Magizine for February a maiden thirty-six years old glories in her single blessedness with so much self-complaciency that there is no way to answer her—no way except by reminding her of the small boy, who, coming upon the epitaph "I would not live alway," paused, recovered his mental balance, and then with confidence wrote in chalk upon the tomb. "some grapes."

—Buy Reading Pea Coal from R. B. Taylor, best in the market.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause—the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and the address, Binghamton, N. Y. on every bottle.

A Cowboy's Love.

By ABNER JOHNSON.

Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

Jim Traskon, cowboy, was riding slowly around a herd of a thousand steers on a grazing ground in Montana. As he rode he was occupied with pleasant thoughts. For years past he had had no other thoughts than for steers. Now he had got on to a new line, and his head was confused, and there was a new feeling in his heart. His attitude had been observed from afar off by Tom Matthews, a fellow cowboy. As the new arrival came within speaking distance he checked his pinto and exclaimed:

"Durn my hide, Jim Traskon, if you ain't homesick!"

"You're way off," was the reply.

"Then you are thinking of suicide."

"Wrong again."

"You can't be—no, doggone me—you can't be in love!"

Jim made no reply, but the hopelessness of his look increased. The other dismounted, came nearer, reached up and laid the palm of his hand on the suffering man's left side about where the heart is supposed to be. He held it there for twenty seconds. Then he stepped back and whispered:

"Jim, she's a-palpitating as sure's your born! It's a case of love, and don't you try to fool your Uncle Tom. Just pour out your confidence, and I'll advise to the best of my ability. I've been right there three or four times and know something about it."

"You—you won't give me away?"

"Not a give."

"Nor make fun of me?"

"Not on your life. When a man's in love and got it bad, Tom Matthews is not a man to jump on him. Who's the maiden, Jim?"

"You know that girl from New York over on the Horseshoe ranch?"

"You don't say! That Miss Walters who is visiting Kitty Williams? Say, Jim, you are flying high! That girl's father is worth three or four million

HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE NEW YORK GIRL RIDING ALONE.

dollars, and she wouldn't stoop to such as you and me if we were up to the neck in quicksand. You can't mean that you are struck on her?"

Jim nodded and sighed and looked far away over the grazing herd.

"Well, by gosh! And now the question is, Is she struck on you?"

"I can't say she is; but, Tom, I'm loving that girl till I shall die if I don't get her. Why, I haven't eaten enough for the last week to keep a jack rabbit alive, and there are times when it seems as if wheels was going around in my head."

"Um! Took me the very same way the first time, and I had chills and fever besides. I'm in love with Miss Wal—, eh? It's a cheeky thing, Jim—mighty cheeky. I'm afraid you'll have to take it out in palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite. If she was some half breed, now, or even the schoolma'am over on Dog river, there might be a show, but bracing up to a millionaire's daughter is flying high, Jim, flying high."

"But I'm a desperate man, Tom," replied Jim. "This 'ere thing they call love has got a rope around both my legs. It's either matrimony or death with me. What I want of you is to tell me how to work it. You've made two trips to Chicago with cattle and ought to know all about it."

"So I do, so I do. You have just seen her at a distance and fallen in love with her. Maybe it's the same way with her, but it won't do to bank on it. It's safer to argue that she's also seen you at a distance and don't know you from one of your herd. You can't go over to the ranch and call on her, because you haven't got a boiled shirt to put on. You can't get an introduction in the regular way because Kitty Williams is stuck up and would give you the cold glare. Her mother is down on you because one of her cats got hold of some of your wolf poison. Jim, old man, you are up against it."

"Then I'll hang myself within a week!"

"Um! Just the way I felt the time. Let me see. There ought a way—

be any common way. It's got to be a hair raiser or it won't go. If you don't impress a millionaire's daughter like a house falling on her, you can't hold the thoughts for five minutes. Jim Traskon, are you ready for a desperate venture?"

"You bet I am, if it's anything connected with that girl! Yes, sir; I'll fight a dozen grizzlies one after another for her sake."

"Then when you come in tonight we'll have a talk. I've got a plan, and I'm quite sure she's bound to work. Say nothing, but come and see me."

It was true that Miss Nettie Walters was visiting Miss Kitty Williams, daughter of Major Williams of the Horseshoe ranch. It was also true that she was the daughter of a wealthy resident of New York. Both girls rode out on their ponies almost every day, and as a matter of fact they had several times passed within a few rods of the cowboy—this particular cowboy. They had given him no more notice, however, than they had given his herd.

There was a talk that evening between Jim Traskon and Tom Matthews, and when it was concluded the hopeless lover was no longer hopeless. In fact, he had been brought around to realize that life was worth the living. He even executed a shuffle and indulged in suppressed whoops of exultation.

Two days later fortune favored him with a broad smile. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon he caught sight of the New York girl riding alone—not quite alone, either, as she had three dogs with her, and the animals were doing their best to scare up a rabbit to be run down. When she was half a mile away a big jack broke cover, and away went girl and pony and dogs. It took Jim Traskon just two minutes to adorn himself in the Indian trappings which he had brought along for the occasion by the advice of Tom Matthews. Then he started the chase. His get-up was good, and his warwhoops had the true ring. Of course he depended on Miss Williams having told her girl friend that some of the Sioux Indians had left their reservation and were committing outrages along the skirts of the valley. As a matter of fact, this information had been imparted, but it hadn't deterred the New Yorker from riding out alone. She heard the whoops and looked back to see the redskin coming after her. Then she gave her pony the switch. In her go-off she rode straight away from home, and at the end of a three mile chase her pony was winded, and she was being overhauled.

Then was the psychological moment for Jim Traskon to strip off his disguise and begin to whoop and shoot and convey the idea to the girl that he had come up in time to run the redskin off and save her from being carried into captivity. According to Tom Matthews, she must feel grateful, she must smile on her rescuer, she must extend the glad hand, and if she didn't faint in his arms she must at least invite him to call on her at the ranch and sooner or later fall in love with and marry him.

All that ought to have taken place as easy as two and two make four; but, alas, it didn't. In the first place, carried away by his hopes and fears, the cowboy got too close; also he forgot to throw away his disguise. Then the girl pulled her tired horse in, wheeled him around and suddenly came riding back with a six shooter in her hand. She had never shot at a man before, burglar, cowboy or Indian chief, and for a novice she did remarkably well. Out of six shots she sent three bullets into Jim at points calculated to give him pain, and before she had ceased firing he was on the run for cover. When he had got a gait on him the girl headed for the ranch at a lope, and her part of the adventure was over. Not so with Jim Traskon. He had to get into the brush and send for Tom Matthews, and Tom had to ride eight miles for a surgeon to pick the lead out and dress the wounds, and after Jim had told about forty lies about the affair the foreman said he was too ripe for him and had better go. Tom shook his fist under the poor fellow's nose and roared: "When I was telling you how to get that girl I didn't know that I was talking to a blame fool! Jim, you've mixed and muddled the case worse than an idiot, and now you go and suspend yourself from the limb of a weeping willow tree and be hanged to you! You had a mighty handsome girl and untold millions within your grasp, and then you went like a durned kyote and forgot that you was a white man instead of an Injun. Get along out of Montana with you!"

One Test of the Teacher.

The true teacher must have a readiness to be forgotten. And what is harder? Many a man is ready to be generous if by it he can win praise. The love of praise, it is almost our last infirmity, but there is no more baffling infirmity for the teacher. If praise and recognition are dear to him, he may as well stop work. Dear to him perhaps they must be, as a human being; but, as a teacher, he is called on to rise above ordinary human conditions. A teacher does not live for himself, but for his pupil and for the truth which he imparts. His aim is to be a colorless medium through which that truth may shine on an opening mind. How can he be this if he is continually interposing himself and saying: "Instead of looking at the truth, my children, look at me and see how skillfully I do my work. I thought I taught you admirably today. I hope you thought so too." No, the teacher must keep himself entirely out of the way, fixing young attention on the proffered knowledge and not on anything so small as him who brings it. Only so can he be whole hearted in invigorating the lives committed to his charge.—Professor G. H. Palmer in Atlantic.

"TAPPING" STEEL.

The Way Manufacturers Conceal Defects in the Casting.

It might very naturally have been thought that if there was one trade which could be said to be free from trickery and faking it was that of steel manufacture. The mere fact that steel is synonymous with strength would seem to bear out this view. And yet methods are sometimes adopted in the making of steel which once again illustrate the saying that there are tricks in every trade.

At the same time it must be admitted that some of these tricks when carried out do not necessarily mean a lessening in the soundness and quality of the material. For instance, it sometimes happens that in casting a piece of steel what is known as a "blow-hole" occurs. Often this is not noticed until the steel has been cut and trimmed for the required purpose. In such a case the hole is usually "tapped" and a well fitting screw inserted, the head of the latter being filed off so closely to the metal that it needs an expert eye to detect any unusual feature. This is a trick which makes no difference in the strength of the metal and consequently is quite harmless.

Sometimes, however, a crack appears in a piece of metal which it is impossible to remedy by the usual expedients of hammering and rolling. The careful manufacturer will put the piece on one side and make a fresh casting, for if such a piece of metal were used as a crank shaft, for instance, it might split at a time of extra strain and so bring untold disaster.

On the other hand, the manufacturer may decide that he cannot afford to throw the faulty casting on one side, and in order to cover the defect it is put in the open air to rust. The weather will most likely be found to have filled the crack by the time the casting is required, and no one outside the foundry will have known of its existence until perhaps it causes a vessel to become disabled. And, as it is almost impossible to tell afterward how the crack originated, the maker is quite secure from blame.

One of the most sensational scandals which have agitated the engineering world for some years past came to light not long ago in connection with the building of a great battleship. After a trial trip she was found to be somewhat leaky, and an examination of some of the plates forming the side of the vessel revealed the startling fact that the rivets had been put in the holes cold and simply calked.

When a ship's plates are riveted together, it is usual not only of course to drive the rivets in red hot, but also to calk them over with a special composition as an extra caution against leakage. In the case mentioned the builder was working under contract and in order to save time resorted to the trick described. The result was that the strain on the plates quickly loosened the calking, and some of the rivets actually dropped out of the holes.—London Tit-Bits.

Senate Gavel Handleless.

It is an odd fact that the gavel used by the presiding officer of the senate has no handle, like that used by the speaker of the house. It is an ivory contrivance, modestly ornamented, of cylindrical shape and about four inches long. In wielding it the vice president has to hold the gavel in his hand as if it were a small hammer without a handle. How the custom originated of providing the vice president with a handleless gavel is not known, though the oldest senate attache cannot remember when it was otherwise, just as the oldest senate attache cannot remember when the gold snuffbox that occupies its ancient niche at the right of the vice president's raised desk was not dutifully filled every morning, although no statesman now patronizes that once popular box for a gentle sneeze.—Washington Herald.

Barbarians and Perfumes.

Though perfume may be the outcome of civilization and more lavishly used by nations well to the front in manners and polish, there are instances of people of great demoralization who use it in some of their horrible customs. The fetich men of Ashanti supply an illustration of this, who, for the benefit of young soldiers, concoct a mixture of blood, of human hearts and of fragrant herbs, and Bettany, quoting from Beecham, says, "All who have never before killed an enemy in battle eat of the preparation, it being believed that if they did not their energy would be secretly wasted by the haunting spirits of deceased foes."

A Bad Practice.

"I've a good notion," said Plodding Pete, "to join dis forestry association."

"What fur?"

"I want de trees preserved in all deir venerable beauty. I want to see de monarchs of de wilderness left undisturbed in deir peaceful majesty. It's time dis practice of handlin' a man an ax an' tellin' him to chop wood was stopped."—Washington Star.

The Great Difference.

Poorman—Of course there's a big difference between a botanist and a florist.

Scum—Is there, really? Poorman—Yes; a botanist is one who knows all about flowers, and a florist is one who knows all about the prices people will pay.—Philadelphia Press.

Not a Chance!

Married men will certainly appreciate the grim humor of the Staten Island schoolboy who wrote in an epic, "Their foes in front, their wives behind—impossible was flight." — New York Herald.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD—On and after Monday, May 29th, 1905 trains will run as follows from P. R. R. station.

WESTWARD.					EASTWARD.		
1† Acom.	3† Exp.	5† Mail.			2† Mail.	4† Exp.	6 Acom.
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Lv.	Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
6 30	10 15	5 30	Bellefonte		8 50	12 50	6 35
6 35	10 20	3 07	Coleville		8 40	12 40	6 19
f6 38	10 23	3 12	Morris		f8 37	f12 37	6 07
f6 43	f10 27	3 17	Stevens		f8 35	f12 35	6 02
			Lime Centre				
f6 46	f10 30	3 21	Hunt's Park		f8 31	12 31	6 00
f6 50	f10 34	3 26	Fillmore		f8 28	f12 28	5 55
f6 55	f10 40	3 32	Briarly		f8 24	f12 24	5 50
7 00	10 45	3 35	Waddles		8 20	12 20	5 45
f7 12	f10 57	3 50	Krumrine		f8 17	f12 07	5 25
7 25	11 10	4 05	State College		8 00	12 00	5 25
f7 27		4 10	Strubles		f7 45		4 35
f7 31		4 15	Bloomsdorf		f7 40		4 25
7 35		4 20	P. G. Mills		7 35		4 49

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna R R trains at Bellefonte for points east and west.

fStop on flag
†Daily except Sunday

F. H. THOMAS, Agent.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Condensed Time Table.

READ DOWN.			Dec. 3, 1906.		READ UP		
No.1	No.5	No.3			No.6	No.4	No.2.
a m	p m	p m	LV	AR	p m	p m	p m
†7 10	†6 40	†2 45	Bellefonte		9 10	5 15	9 46
7 21	6 51	2 56	Nigh		8 57	5 02	9 27
7 26	6 56	3 01	Zion		f8 51	4 57	9 21
7 33	7 0	3 08	Hecla Park		8 45	4 51	9 15
7 35		3 10	Dunkles		8 43	4 48	9 12
7 39	†7 08	3 14	Hublersburg		f8 39	4 44	9 09
7 43	7 13	3 18	Snydertown		8 35	4 40	9 05
7 45	†7 15	3 20	Nittany		f8 34	4 38	9 02
7 47	†7 18	3 22	Huston		f8 32	4 35	9 00
7 51	7 23	3 26	Lamar		f8 29	4 32	8 57
7 53	†7 25	3 28	Clintondale		f8 26	4 29	8 54
7 57	7 29	3 32	Krider's S'n'g		8 22	4 25	8 51
8 01	7 34	3 36	Mackeyville		f8 18	4 20	8 46
8 07	7 39	3 42	Cedar Springs		8 12	4 14	8 40
8 10	7 42	3 45	Salona		8 10	4 12	8 38
8 15	7 47	3 50	Mill Hall		f8 05	f4 07	f8 33

11 45	8 35		(NEW YORK CENT.) Jersey Shore		7 25	7 5
12 30	9 10	Arr	WM'PORT	Lve	1 50	†7 20
12 29	9 09	Lve	WM'PORT	Arr	1 30	50
			(PHILA AND READING RY)			
7 80	6 00		PHILA		12 35	11 80
10 21	8 55		NEW YORK (Via Phila)		†6 30	9 (30)
p.m.		Ar		Lv.	a.m	p.m.

†Week Days.

10 40.....Ar. NEW YORK..Lv.....6 00.
(Via Philada.)

W. H. GEPHART
Gen. Superintendent

Lax-ets 5 c Sweet to Eat
A Candy Bowel Laxative
GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

Use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Children like its pleasant taste, and mothers give it hearty endosement. Contains no opiates, but drives out the cold through the bowels. Made in strict conformity to Pure Food and Drugs Law. Recommended and sold by Green's Pharmacy.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly, Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

The News—No Pure Drug Cough Cure Laws be needed, if all Cough Cures were like Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is—and has been for 20 years. The National Law now requires that if any poisons enter into a cough mixture it must be printed on the label or package. For this reason mothers, and others, should insist on having D. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison-marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine else it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and see. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Simple refuse to accept any other. Sold by Green's Pharmacy.

This May Interest

No one is immune from Kidney trouble, or just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. C. M. Parrish.

—Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

STRONG Again

is what Mrs. Lucy Stovall, of Tilton, Ga., said after taking Kodol for Dyspepsia. Hundreds of other weak women are being restored to perfect health by this remedy. YOU may be well if you will take it.

Indigestion causes nearly all the sickness that women have. It deprives the system of nourishment and the delicate organs peculiar to women suffer—weaken, and become diseased.

Kodol For Dyspepsia

enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten. It nourishes the body, and rebuilds the weak organs restoring health and strength. Kodol relieves indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, sour risings, belching, heartburn and all stomach disorders.

Digests What You Eat

Relieves indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas, etc.

Prepared at the Laboratory of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

Sold By Green's Pharmacy

The Bellefonte Republican

TO CORRESPONDENCE.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EARLE C. TUTEN.

BRIEF MENTION

Short Items of Local Interest Gathered By The Way Side

Notice.

We hereby notify all persons that J. A. B. Miller, the temporary collector of this office has been discharged, and that all debts due this office are payable only to Earle C. Tuten, the Editor and Proprietor of this paper.

—Friday, the 19th inst. is the second arbor day set by the governor.

—Anne Fogleman was admitted to the hospital for treatment on Friday.

—A man usually gravitates into the place in which he naturally belongs.

—The busy man is always the one who is asked to take on additional burdens.

—Ask your dealer for Dr. Faber's self filling fountain pen—self cleaning—never blots.

—Keep your troubles to yourself. A busy world doesn't care for your ills and sorrows.

—Word from the hospital this morning to the effect that Mr. Gentzell is resting comfortable.

—The Epworth League cleared $32 00 at their entertainment on last Thursday evening.

—Howard Martin had his lower lip very badly cut in turning a switch at the Bellefonte Furnace on Monday.

—Col. Austin Curtin who is in the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia is getting along very nicely and expects to be home before long.

—Miss Effie Snyder who has been so ill with typhoid fever left for her home at State College Saturday. Her many friends in Bellefonte will feel happy to know that she has so far recovered.

—On Sunday morning April the 21st the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will attend the Presbyterian church in a body to listen to their annual sermon preached by Dr. J. Allison Platts.

—Mrs. George Sechler died in Williamsport last Wednesday, April the 10th The Sechler family lived in Bellefonte for a number of years. Mrs. Sechler was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Garis.

—Homer McKinley one of the drummers in the drum corp of the 5th Regt. has moved from Milesburg to Bellefonte. Homer is located with the Central R. R. Co., at their machine shops doing repair work.

—They say it was laughable to see two lads coming up from Milesburg the other morning about 2 o'clock. They said they saw "Brownie" the woman in black and that she tried to get them. The boys vow they will never travel that late again.

—Josh Cox who succeeded the late C. D. Crider as car inspector in the Bellefonte yards has been promoted to the position as night foreman of the car inspectors in the Tyrone yards. Josh made many friends while in Bellefonte who will wish him all the luck in the world with his new position.

—On Monday evening 35 friends of Bernice Downing gathered at her home and tendered the young lady a surprise party as that day marked her sixteenth anniversary. They all reported having had a most enjoyable time and the evening was passed in playing games of all kinds. Excellent refreshments were served that made the evening all the merrier.

—If anything in the world, outside of a dog-fight, will test a man's patience it is when he is making a strenuous effort to preserve a little sod in front of his house and about the time he has it in good trim a drove of school boys, who lack good training at home, ignore the eight or ten foot pavement which is provided for them to walk on, and march over the soft green turf, trampling it out of existence.

—Rain, raw winds, perhaps snow may prevail this week, but despite any or all, the great angling fraternity will be found following there favorite streams in search of trout and that contentment which is found nowhere else, at least by them. There is a charm in the leafless woods, a fascination in following the windings of a brook, a peace in these brief communions with nature that go far toward keeping men young and cheerful. Try it

—Every fellow that throws a base ball on the streets in Bellefonte it will cost $5.00 The Academy boys had better stop practicing on their way from the school to the meadow, the fellows up around the diamond and Court House will have to cut it out. Don't know whether this new law applys to the school commons and meadow or not, at least the fellows had better find out first. Things are getting pretty strict in the old town these days. But you know we have to obey the law.

—Bargains at the Imperial every Friday.

—The Nittany Furnace will be ready to light the fire next Saturday.

—Mrs. Peterson is now one of the efficient opperators at the Bell Telephone office.

"—Doc" and "Bo" the base ballist are still free to the world, but the prison bare are stareing them in the eyes.

—The P. R. R. Co. are putting up a new water tank near where the old one stood along the tracks at the engine house.

—Joseph Brothers & Company carpeted two large rooms at the Brockerhoff House this week with fine body brussels carpet.

—Miss Edna Williams entertained fourteen of her young friends at her home on Curtin street on Thursday evening.

—Archibald Allison, Bellefonte's up to date plumber and contractor received two car loads of terra cotta pipe on Monday.

—Miss Minnie Cole one of our efficient compositors is home sick. It is to be hoped she will soon be well as we miss her wonderfully in the office.

—William Keichline & Co. have opened their Machine Shop for buisness. It is located on South Water Street. All kinds of repair work, Automobiles a specalty.

—"Old Sluth" Sausserman put the cops next to a fellow they were after on Wednesday evening. No need sending to Philadelphia for Detectives when we have them here in our midst.

—Mrs. Claude Cook, who was discharged from the Bellefonte hospital the latter part of last week, had as her guest in her Curtin street home her sister, Mrs. Brown, of Warren, who returned home today.

—Harry Diem known everywhere as one of the best high stack painters is in Bellefonte and has secured fifty of these stacks to paint. He is a fearless fellow and can climb the highest stack ever put up.

—Talk about your breakfast foode,
A thousand you can see;
I wouldn't have them as a gift;
I'd have Rocky Mountain Tea.
C. M. Parrish.

—Vincent Walker is the gentlemanly young clerk at Green's Pharmacy who will take great pleasure this summer in handing out the delicious soda waters and ice cream soda's to the many customers at this store.

—Charles A. Knupp, teacher of the grammar school in the Stone building, who suffered a bad attack of nervous prostration while spending Easter at his home in Harrisburg, is now somewhat improved and is at Atlantic City recuperating.

—The Nittany Valley railroad company have completed their new switch-back out the pike beyond the Nittany furnace, which enables them to cross the pike on grade and do away with the trestle that has been a menace to fast driving as well as automobilists for years.

—The foundation for the new building to be erected by the Yeager Manufacturing company has been completed and is now about ready for the bricklayers. The building will be of brick and three stories in height, and will be done by the Wolfe. It will give that company just about double the floor space it now occupies in the old Phoenix mill plant.

—Wilson Gephart is seriously considering going to Oklahoma with Calvin Armstrong, of Lock Haven. Mr. Armstrong has launched into the oil business in that locality and has very bright prospects of striking it rich. He is now at his home in Lock Haven but expects to go to Oklahoma in the near future and as he is an especial friend of Mr. Gephart he is trying to induce him to go along.

—Some lads from the Academy Hill were throwing stones down on Keichline's machine shop roof this morning. This kind of work will have to be stopped or it will mean the arrest of some boys. Only a few years ago a little girl was killed by an act of this kind at the foot of the hill back of the Presbyterian Chapel, and as a good many people pass along Water street some one may be accidently hit and perhaps kiled.

—Postmaster Thomas H. Harter is considering the advisability of applying to the postoffice department in Washington for the appointment of an additional carrier for Bellefonte, as he considers the force of an additional carrier for Bellefonte as he considers the force of four too small for prompt and timely delivery of the mails. There is no doubt but that another carrier would focilitate the delivery of the mails to the patrons of the office.

—During his last Summer's vacation John D. Meyer, supervising principal of the Bellefonte public schools, spent several months in the south. This year he has in contemplation a trip to Europe, though he has not yet definitely decided whether he will go or stay on this side of the big pond. The water is quite deep, you know, even in dry weather, and if he should happen to fall in, or the ship be wrecked, it would be a strenuous time wading to shore.

PERSONALS

Short But Newsy Personals of Those Who Come And Go.

Mrs. Robert Irwin is visiting friends in Altoona.

Mrs. Gephart is visiting friends in Johnstown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Walker spent Sunday in Williamsport.

Dr. Hiller left on Wednesday afternoon for Philadelphia.

Hon. John Noll returned home Saturday from Harrisburg.

Hon. P. Gray Meek was an arrival home Thursday morning.

Frank Bible was an arrival in Bellefonte on Monday evening.

M. D. Kelley, of Snow Shoe transacted business in town Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Kerns spent Sunday at his old home down Penn's Valley.

Howard Moore of Howard transacted business in town on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Tate of Barnesboro are visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Robert Miller of New Florence was an arrival in Bellefonte Wednesday.

Mrs. Fauble returned home from Harrisburg on Monday evening.

Lewis Beezer of Pittsburg transacted business in Bellefonte Wednesday.

Dr. McEntire of Howard transacted business in Bellefonte Wednesday.

Hon. Harry R. Curtin of Roland, was a Bellefonte visitor on Wednesday.

Charley Hunter of Pittsburg, is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Steel Hunter.

Mr. James Rote, of Wilkenburg, was an arrival in Bellefonte on Wednesday

Miss Anna Sechler returned home from Baltimore' Md., on Friday evening.

Mr. S. Stoltz of New York is visiting friends and transacting business in Bellefonte.

Miss Emma Weber of Howard, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Brown.

Mrs. John Laurie of Tyrone returned home after visiting a short time at Dr. Lauries.

Mrs. John Wilson and little daughter returned home from Altoona on Tuesday afternoon.

Harry Otto was in Tyrone on Thursday telling the people about his famous Nittany Club cigars.

Hon. P. Gray Meek attended the funeral of the late William Bilger at Clearfield on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor of Elmira, N. Y. are visiting friends in Bellefonte and at Axe Mann.

Lester Shaffer who has been transacting business in Bellefonte returned to Millroy Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Daniel H. Hastings and daughter Miss Sarah left Friday for Harrisburg and Washington, D. C.

Miss Martha McEntire of Pittsburg, is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yeager on Spring Street.

Fred Sourbeck after visiting his parents in Bellefonte the past few days left Friday morning to resume his work at Latrobe, Pa.

John Sourbeck after being laid up at home for several weeks with a very sore hand returned on Thursday to his work at Altoona.

Mrs. Evelyn Rogers and Mrs. Fond left Saturday for Washington D. C. where they will attend a congress of the D. A. R.

Mrs. Samuel Lucas, Miss Sarah Lucas and Mr. Willis Lucas of Warriorsmark are visiting the Misses Kelley's on Beaver street.

Mrs. Andrew Harris, of Lock Haven, was an arrival in Bellefonte Tuesday, called here by the serious illness of her sister, Miss Sue McDermott.

Rev. Dr. Barnard, after a most pleasant fellow-ship with his many friends in Bellefonte departed Saturday morning for his home at Madison Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gentzell who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Rider the past two weeks returned to their home at Beaver Falls on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Meyer, of Centre Hall, returned last Saturday from Columbia, S. C., where they spent the winter months, and his many friends are glad to note the improvement in Mr. Meyer's health.

Roy G. Johnson, of Altoona, is visiting Charley Anderson on Bishop street. He and Charley are going fishing and we expect to hear some wonderful fish stories from them. Johnson says he is going to take at least 50 back home with him.

About the best individual that has come down the "pike" in a long time was General W. J. O'Day representing Foley's Honey & Tar Compound. He arrived in Bellefonte last Saturday from Philipsburg. He is a whole souled goodhearted gentleman and it is an honor for a firm of this kind to have a representative like Mr O'Day. He is always a welcome visitor to our office.

Robert Hoy left Sunday afternoon for Altoona.

Jerome Harper is home from Philadelphia for a few days.

George I. Bush transacted business in Tyone Thursday.

George Love of Altoona is visiting his parents in Bellefonte.

John Toner Harris of Harrisburg spent Sunday in Bellefonte.

Col. Clement of Sunbury was in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary of Bellwood spent Sunday in Bellefonte.

Miss Virginia Lingle returned home on Saturday from Philipsburg.

Colonel J. L. Spangler and wife have returned from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Emma McClellen was a passenger to Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doll of Altoona are visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Thomas Moore of Philadelphia is visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Judge Cyrus Gorden of Clearfield was an arrival in Bellefonte Tuesday.

Charles Anderson was an arrival home on Saturday from Altoona.

Miss Roxanna Brisben of Centre Hall visited friends in Bellefonte Friday.

George Wagner and wife of Altoona are visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Fred Kurtz, Jr., of Lewisburg, is transacting business in Bellefonte Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shoemaker and family left Saturday for Ebensburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Beezer returned home from Philadelphia Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Finnigan arrived home from Philadelphia on Monday evening

Miss M. Cole and Mr. H. Kirk visited friends up Buffalo Run Valley on Sunday.

Miss Louise Armor visited her sister Mrs. Claude Jones in Tyrone on Thursday.

Dr. Elois Meek of Johnstown is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray Meek.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods Bathgate, of Altoona spent Sunday with friends at Lemont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woomer returned home on Sunday evening from their wedding tour.

Jim, Ross and Sandy Wallace are in Lock Haven constructing a large brick porch at the home of W. I. Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Holmes of State College passed through Bellefonte Saturday on their way home from Tyrone.

Rev. W. H. Spangler of the United Brethren church of Bellefonte preached in Howard Sunday morning and evening

John Noll of Altoona spent Sunday very pleasantly with his parents, Colonel and Mrs. Emanuel Noll on Allegheny street.

Charles C. Shuey left Saturday for Tyrone to attend a convention of the District Stewarts of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gray returned Tuesday evening from Atlantic City where they have been the past month in order that Mr. Gray might recuperate.

Harvey Gengher of Altoona is home for a few days. Harvey is going to see what he can do in the way of landing some of the speckled beauties while he is at home.

George W. Reese is transacting business at Philipsburg and from there he will go over to Patton to witness the minstrel performance in which his son Will takes an active part.

Edward Keichline left last Friday where he has accepted a position as a machinist at Sparrow Point, Md. Ed is a good mechanic and we know he will meet with success.

A. F. Bailey, of Galeton, Pa. was a pleasant visitor in town Friday morning. Mr. Bailey served his country faithfully during the Civil War in Company E. 45 P. V. I. All honor to an old soldier.

Tommy Conaghan one of the operators at Tyrone was down to his home at Axe-Mann to fish a couple of days. Tom says he caught 15 but we are from Missouri. At any rate he says he is going to tell the fellows in Tyrone that he caught that many.

Frank Davis arrived in Bellefonte Friday with his family from Milheim and will make Bellefonte his future home. Frank is employed by Knisely Brothers in their cigar factory and it is said he is one of the finest cigar makers that ever rolled the weed. Frank brought with him two fine hunting dogs that he prizes very highly. We welcome you and your family to our town.

Charley Scott the noted base ballist is here from Pittsburg. He will remain in Bellefonte a day or two and then go on to Mansfield, Pa., where he has signed for the season. Scotty is one of the best players that has ever left the old town. He is always there with the goods and can be depended on doing his share in winning victories. Wish he could stay in Bellefonte this season and help our follows out.

Mrs. W. H. Hepburn of Jersey Shore is spending a couple of days at the home of Mrs. Louise Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Stover left for their home Wednesday at Butler after a most delightful "honey moon" in Bellefonte.

Mr. John Felty of New Castle who was called here on account of the sudden death of his sister Mrs. Auther Kimport left Wednesday for his home.

Mrs. John Dale and son and daughter, Jack and Virginia left Wednesday for New York from where they will sail on Thursday for Havanna Cuba, to be the guests of Colonel Teller for several months. It will certainly be a delightful trip this time of the year.

—The Evangelical church had a special offering on Sunday at which $20 00 was lifted in the collection. During the evening services after an earnest prayerful sermon by the pastor two young people walked to the altar and knelt, and beforee they left the church they had entirely given their lives to God. Let the good work go on Brother Cox.

HAS WANDERED AWAY FROM HOME

George M. Fetcher and His Dog Snyder Have Gone to The Mountains.

The hamlet of Runville is stirred with excitement over the sudden disappearance of one of its old citizens. George M. Fetcher is a highly respected citizen of that community but he has had some domestic trouble and left his home and went to live with his nephew. He grew sort of meloncholy over the family trouble and last Monday he feed his stock, threw down lots of hay and straw went into the house dressed himself took his gun and dog and started away. He didn't tell anyone where he was going nor have they heard of him since. It is feared by his relatives that he has wandered into the mountains and died, but on the other hand, the dog that followed him would certainly come back home. Searching parties have been out night and day looking for the old man, but so far the search is in vain.

He is an old soldier and served his country faithfully throughout the Civil War. He also has a wife and nine or ten children. It is to be hoped that he can soon be locatad and taken back home. He is a man about 69 years of age. Any one knowing of his where-abouts will kindly notify this paper.

Snow Shoe wants to be a Borough.

Snow Shoe has made applications to become a borough, so as to be in line with other towns in the county. The said town contains a collection of houses located after a regular plan in regards to streets, lanes, and alleys, and that the petitioners resides within the limits thereof as herein after set forth and described, and that the same contained not more than 67 freeholders. That they are desireus that the said town be incorporated by the style and title of the Borough of Snow Shoe. Forty-five of the said freeholders being a majority thereof have signed said petition. That here reside within said limits one hundred and ten voters, and beside freeholders, thirty one voters have signed said petition.

W. D. O'BRIEN.

ORDER OF THE COURT.

And now April 15th 1907, the forgoing petition heard and considered, whereupon the Court orders the same to be filed with the clerk as provided by the Acts of Assembly in such case made and provided.

By The Court.

ELLIS L. ORVIS,
President Judge.

A Mothers Love.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes upon her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, and as she is not beautiful now; The lips are thin and shrunk, but those are the lips that have kissed away many a tear from the childish cheeks, they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with soft radiance of holy love that can never fade. Oh yes; yes she is a dear old mother. The sands of time are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other on earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison where bars will keep her out, you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach and bless you with her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble old arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion

—WANTED—Two girls to learn the type-setting trade at this office.

—No other remedy on earth is so good for children as Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea; makes them eat, sleep and grow. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. C. M. Parrish.

PASSED TO HER REWARD.

Mother of J. S. McCargar Entered into Rest.

On Tuesday morning our fellow townsman J. S. McCargar received the sad intelligence that his aged mother had passed away at her home in Groton, N. Y. It was certainly sad news as Mr. McCargar did not know she was ill and her death must have been very sudden.

Mrs. McCargar had passed her 79th year in life and had been looking forward to the time when she would be called home. She was a Godly woman and for the past 70 years has been a follower of Jesus Christ. When a little girl she united with the Methodist Episcopal church and since then has been living according to that Faith. For seventy years a laborer in the Masters Vineyard means a crown filled with stars in Glory.

Mrs. Lucy J. McCargar leaves to mourn her death one son, J. S. McCargar of Bellefonte and the following daughters. Mrs D. C. Mosher, Genoa N. Y.; Mrs. Charles M. Bower, Lancing N. Y; Mrs. W. T. Lingerman, Cortland N. Y.; Mrs. Fred Corning of Groton N. Y. Mr. McCargar left on Tuesday afternoon for Groton N. Y., to attend the funeral.

Budd Lucas Transferred

Budd Lucas the baggage master on the Snow Shoe train has been transferred to the Lewisburg and Tyrone Division, running between Tyrone and Scotia. Budd was a popular official on the Snow Shoe and was well liked by every one. He will be greatly missed by the many patrons of this road. We wish him all the success in the world in this other run, and know he will be well liked because he has a splendid disposition.

Accused Robbers Taken to Centre Hall For a Hearing.

William White and Paddy Ryan were taken to Centre Hall on Tuesday afternoon for a hearing before Squire Mingle, in regards to the Post Office robbery that occured on Easter Sunday at that little town. The men were taken over in the afternoon and the hearing was very short as the evidence against the men was not very strong. Although they were again committed the county jail. The commitment reads as follows:

CENTRE COUNTY S. S.

THE COMMON WEALTH OF PENNA.

To the High Sheriff of Centre County and keeper of the County Jail of said County—Greeting: these are to command you, the said constable, forth with to convey and deliver to the custody of the keeper of said jail the bodies of William White and Paddy Ryan, charged before W. B. Mingle one of Justices of the Peace in and for said County with burglary by breaking into the Post Office at Centre Hall. And you are required to take the said William White and Paddy Ryan into your custody in the said jail and there safely keep until they be delivered by due course of law.

W. B. MINGLE,
Justice of the Peace.

Don't be a Loafer.

Every man in Bellefonte can find work if he wants it, their is no reason for men and boys laying around depending on some one else to keep them. If you can't find work in Bellefonte go away—go to the lumber camps you can get all the work you want there and good wages. The Hays Run Brick Company had an advertisement in the Daily News for weeks wanting men and boys. Why it is better to do any kind of work than lay around all summer doing nothing. Have enough manly principal in you to get up and get. The idea of married men in this town depending on their wives for a living and these poor women will work from morning until night washing, while they sit around chewing tobacco and smoking their pipes. Get out, we got no time for men of this caliber the world is big and no man living can say that he cannot find work. If this hits YOU swallow it like a man and get down to work.

You Would Hardly Treat A Beast Like This.

Some months ago three Austrians were killed at the quarries, two bodies were recovered, the one still lies under the debris and rocks. What an awful shame. When the weather was so cold and stormy we didn't blame the company so much for not trying to recover the body, but now we have had right fair weather for several weeks and still no effort is being made to dig this fellow out. He is dead, and he is an Austrian, that is true, but he is a human being and he is some mother's son, we don't know whether he was married or not, if he was it makes the affair all the more shameful. It is pretty near time that Bellefonte gets a humane society to look after matters of this kind. There is no excuse in the world for not getting this man out and giving him a decent, christian burial. If it was a brother or a son of Youre would'nt you have him out of there long before now? Guess you would.

—Buy Reading Pea Coal from R. B. Taylor, best in the market.